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Interregnum, by Elmer Davis, on page 830

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Criticism Goes Red

WE are in for a good deal of solemn nonsense about capitalistic and communistic literature, uttered by class-conscious critics upon whose stomachs the economic interpretation of history still lies heavy and undigested. To all such (and Mr. Elmer Davis pays his respects to them in this number) a purge of music from the great period of English music is recommended. Such part songs as the English Singers and others have made familiar in concert halls and on the phonograph and the radio, their texts often long familiar on the pages of the early dramatists, have a self-confident creativeness in pure delight of sound which has no more relation to the Jacobean or Tudor economic systems than a Spring morning to market day.

Systems, economic or political, seldom inspire art of any excellence, which, indeed, is more interested in life than in the organizations of life—but they can cramp or warp it. It is not to be doubted that the era of bitter, carping naturalism out of which (it is to be hoped) we are passing, was one of the sour results of the excesses of the capitalistic spirit. The profit-making motive and its offspring, excessive competition, are responsible for our great advance in material comfort; are responsible also for the deafness, dumbness, and blindness of this age's real leaders to any form of progress that could not be made to yield a cash profit to some one. The industrialist shudders at the cruelty, licentiousness, and determined passion of a Renaissance Duke or Pope, but Medici, Sforza, or Borgia would find the industrialist incomprehensible. Why all the labor, when the man is unable to turn his profits into a recognizably good life! The late Mr. Baker would have had a respectful hearing among the Italian bankers, but what would they have said to or of him at the court of Urbino, as Castiglione not too unfaithfully describes it!

In one sense then our fiction, our drama, and a good deal of our poetry has been capitalistic, since its favorite themes have been drawn from the experiences of sensitive or high-spirited minds buffeted, suppressed, warped, or extinguished by the great profit machine that rolls backward and forward across city and country, tearing up the farms and dumping iron, steel, and bricks on the towns. We have had, in English certainly, very little direct and happy creativeness in this half century, and what there is tends to be antiquarian or fantastic like the stories of David Garnett or Robert Nathan or Thornton Wilder. The books of current life are all on the defensive, or they are documents and case histories, showing what life under our system is really like.

And what remedy does the new school of communist critics offer? Why, that we shall stop writing about Capitalism and begin to write of Communism, that we shall cease deploring or celebrating Capitalism and begin to propagandize for economic equality! What a prospect for literature! The poor artist must be either a critic or a missionary; his painting or his writing which has struggled on in a capitalistic world which does not take beauty seriously, must now be tied to another social idea, must illustrate somehow (like the recent Soviet novels) the virtues of the proletariat and the emptiness of the bourgeoisie. A plague o' both your houses!

Still, this is what we are going to be increasingly told for the next few years, and many intelligent people are going to be impressed by the importance of representing a Movement. Many worthy readers swallowed the palpable fallacy of Michael Gold's review of Thornton Wilder's book, in which Wilder's agreeable ironies were squelched because they embodied the ideas of an outworn class. Classes do disappear, but ideas never; monarchs depart, but Shakespeare (the monarchist) remains. Critics, and their readers, who are already licking their chops at the prospect of judging the vitality of every important book of the next ten years by the easy test of whether or no it is based upon the faith of Communism, should read a little in the futile critical literature of the legitimists and the republicans in the early eighteen hundreds. They will not be stopped by what they find there, but readers may take warning.

I Will Remember Rahab

By SISTER M. MADELEVA

RAHAB was a harlot and lived in Jericho;
Neither was respectable. That was years ago.
She had no scented virtues; she told easy lies;
Her practice was flagrant. Once two spies

Came to her door, their lives at stake;
She took and hid them for the Lord God's sake.

They left her house; they left the town;
The next thing she knew the walls fell down.

She hung a scarlet cord from her window ledge;
It was her sign; it was their pledge.

She heard the trumpets; she heard the shout
Of people in tumult, of city in rout.

The men and the women, the young and the old
Were killed by the sword, so I am told;

But her father and her mother knew no ill
Because of the cord at Rahab's window sill.

I remember Rahab to this day,
And I honor her womanhood for all you say.

It called for mercy and it called for pluck;
You wouldn't think a harlot would have such luck.

This Week

"Massacre."
Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN.

"Traitor or Patriot."
Reviewed by FRANK MONAGHAN.

"Freud and His Times."
Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW.

"New Russia's Primer" and "Why Recognize Russia."
Reviewed by MAURICE HINDUS.

"The Virgin and the Gipsy."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

The Bowling Green.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

The End of an English Era.
By WALLACE NOTESTEIN.

An Outline of Life*

By RICHARD SWANN LULL
Yale University

WHEN three such men as the authors of a recent scientific volume get together, pool their information and writing ability, and merge their several personalities into one, the product is the result of a "combined genius" which, if for no other reason, should attract Mr. Everyman's attention in no uncertain manner. These men were especially endowed to fuse their trinity of authorship into one, for they are all, in a way, akin, either by intellectual or blood relationship. Back of all three looms the personality of Thomas Henry Huxley, perhaps the most remarkable teacher of biology our language has known; H. G. Wells was his pupil, and Julian Huxley his grandson, while G. P. Wells is the son of the former. With this remarkable relationship and inspirational source, the book can hardly fail to be great. The style is delightful and should be readily understood by Mr. Everyman, for whom it is written. Some technicalities perforce enter in, but when one is speaking of matters about which the average reader knows but little, it is necessary to use the only words which are applicable to the facts under description and hence the technical terms. To the reviewer, trained in the scientific language of biology, there are perfectly familiar; to one not so versed, these may be a little hesitation in grasping the authors' meaning. On this point, however, the reviewer is not qualified to judge, because of this very familiarity, but one does not see how the authors could have done otherwise.

The work has for its purpose a complete review of life in all its phases, from its origin to its various manifestations in mankind, physical, mental, and spiritual, with a final discussion of the biology of the human race.

In defining life, our authors stress the one exclusive characteristic, the impulse to reproduce, even in adverse circumstances, a fact at variance with the older concepts of spontaneous generation. But even here the distinction between what is living and what is not living is by no means easy, because of the utter inertness, over long periods of time, of organisms in their resting stage, out of which only the recurrence of favorable conditions will recall them to apparent life. Is there extra-terrestrial life? It is a fascinating problem which has been the source of much speculation but no proof. At all events, even if there is life in the nearest and most comparable of planets, Mars, it may not be life as we know it here on earth, where it is determined by peculiar chemical and physical conditions which may not have their counterpart elsewhere. On earth, the conditions which support life in such abundance are, nevertheless, very limited in their range; otherwise, life would cease. The conclusion is that the chances of the repetition of a livable environment elsewhere are so very slight that life is confined to an almost inconceivably small corner of the universe. It is still premature for us to define its final limitations. It seems that life must once have begun, but no properly informed man can say with absolute conviction that it will ever end.

The preliminary view of living beings discusses the growth of an orderly classification of life forms, out of which the progress of biological knowledge arises. To Mr. Everyman, his body is of the utmost importance, hence the understanding of its structure as a machine, its complexity and harmony, how it works and wears out, will interest him greatly.

*THE SCIENCE OF LIFE. By H. G. WELLS, JULIAN HUXLEY, and G. P. WELLS. Two volumes. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $10.

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Book two describes the chief patterns of life, starting with the first or highest phylum, the vertebrates, with their several subdivisions; the semi-vertebrates; the arthropods, such as the shrimps, crabs, and barnacles; worms of diverse sorts; jellyfish, sponges, and so on, down to unicellular forms. Plant life is also discussed in a comparable way. "How does it feel to be a plant?" A natural question, yet our authors believe that it is difficult and probably wrong to think of conscious individualized plants, for their tissue is organized in quite a different way from our own, and they should be regarded as an unconscious race rather than as a number of rigidly differential persons. Aside from a fundamental contrast of food sources, with all that it implies, this is perhaps the most striking distinction between the two great kingdoms of the organic realm. Of the lowly and minute forms, some of them are plants, some are animals, and some lie in the borderland between the two, but the extreme smallness on the part of many is perhaps the most remarkable fact of all.

Our knowledge of living forms is far from complete, and yet, of larger organisms, there probably does not now exist anything that is new, despite the rumors of sea-serpents and other strange beasts which are continually being reported.

Book three sets forth the incontrovertible fact of evolution, and contrasts the older belief in special creation with the newer and more logical interpretation. The rocks, with their contained fossils, give us our first line of proofs. The nature and scale of these records, the degree of completeness, and the way in which the continuity of evolution is shown by the familiar horses, and less familiar sea-urchins, all are set forth with clarity and considerable detail. "Missing links" there probably always will be, and to those who reject evidence which lacks perfection, these have often been a stumbling block. Many of the so-called "missing links" of our forefathers have come to light as the result of startling discoveries, every one of which strengthens greatly the chain of evidence. Their absence does not greatly disturb the scientific evolutionist, but he rejoices when they are found. Much evidence for evolution is also gained from the comparative study of plant and animal structure; likenesses are fundamental; the differences, on the other hand, arise from adaptation to peculiar needs. The vestigial structures which result from the discarding of useless organs, once valued by their ancestors, can be interpreted in no other way. Finally, embryology, or rather the individual life history, is used as evidence.

Other topics treated in the first volume are variation and distribution; a general statement as to the evolution of man, his place in nature and in time; fossil men; and the evidences for evolution found in Mr. Everyman's own body, which is a veritable museum of evolution in itself.

* * *

Perhaps the greatest single test of the value of this work lies in the simple, clear, yet sufficient exposition of the various controversies which have arisen concerning the how and why of evolution together with the most widely accepted modern explanations of what is an extremely complicated process. Belief in the fact of evolution is universal among the informed; but in the ways in which it came about there is room for honest difference of opinion, and probably always will be, for it is true of all knowledge, perhaps, that the more we know, the less sure are our convictions, and we are more and more impressed with the futility of some of the earlier, simpler explanations. Here technicalities necessarily enter in; but our authors have everywhere preserved a happy balance between the use of technical terms and that simplicity of language necessary for the understanding of Mr. Everyman. Having reviewed such factors as genetics, the growth of the individual, the determination of sex, variation of species, and selection, the story of the majestic process of evolution in time is presented. Sundry environments, such as the sea, the fresh water, and the land, react strongly upon their inhabitants whose adaptations are of the utmost interest, as are some special aspects of life, such as size, range, color, mimicry, and the chemical wheel.

A comparatively new science is Ecology, the relation of the organism to the environmental complex, and the discussion of this naturally leads to its application to man—the assaults of various diseases, his nourishment, the influence of fresh air and sunlight, and his general health.

Book eight is on behavior, feeling, and thought, the rudiments of which are traced among lower animals, especially insects and other invertebrates, next the vertebrates, and finally mankind. A detailed discussion of the brain and its functions leads to that of human behavior, modern ideas of conduct, and those curious phenomena on the borderland of science—dreams, telepathy, clairvoyance, spiritualism, the mythology of future life, and the supreme question of the survival of personality after death.

Book nine deals specifically with the biology of the human race, and the work reaches its fitting conclusion in the present phase of human association.

This work is to be commended for its clarity, freedom from factual error, charm of literary craftsmanship, but, above all, for its appealing human interest. General readers, as well as the authors and publishers, are to be congratulated on its appearance.

Uncritical Criticism

MASSACRE. By ROBERT GESSNER. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN

"MASSACRE" is another of those Indian books which are appalling because too close to reality and at the same time regrettable because not quite close enough. It is true that our treatment of Indians has been inhuman, dishonest, and stupid. It is true that many Indians still lack the ordinary decencies of living; that their death rate from diseases brought to them by our civilization almost qualifies the book's title; and that the paid medical service provided by the Indian Bureau has been negligent and too often incompetent. It is true that the educational facilities granted have been inutile and debilitating, in addition to being cruel and debasing. It is true that a practice has been made of kidnapping Indian children and keeping them for years from their parents in boarding schools where they have been systematically beaten, underfed, overworked, and exposed to contagious diseases. It is true that the Pima Bridge, the Navajo Bridge, and numerous other alleged improvements on Indian property paid for by Indian money, are really conveniences made for Whites in direct opposition to the needs of the Indians. All these things that Mr. Gessner says in his book, and many more of the same character, are true, and *you know it.* At least, you have been told it steadily year in and year out, ever since Helen Hunt Jackson first told you in "A Century of Dishonor." But it is also true that many of these things have changed for the better within so short a time that it is unbelievable that Mr. Gessner's neglect to note these changes is entirely without guile.

"Massacre" is interestingly written. It is also, to a serious extent, misrepresentative. It errs even as most public business errs in the United States, because of a rooted belief among American people that all causes, and especially good causes, should be stated in terms of a preferred solution. Because in a democratic society like ours even the best of causes is eaten by the unsatisfied hunger for applause, for the distinctions of moral preferment, and for an aristocracy of well doing among its supporters.

Our Indians are, and have always been, ever since we appropriated their country, in evil case. They are in need of help, in need of intelligent help and common justice. Mr. Gessner has evidently been deeply stirred by their plight, and as most of us are who know that plight, profoundly indignant at the hypocrisy which has kept it a continuing condition. Mr. Gessner has also discovered John Collier, Executive Agent of the Indian Defense Association, and has either neglected to inquire into, or has deliberately overlooked other agencies of relief, other measures of reform, other methods of achieving them. He has credited to Mr. Collier ideas which in the main have been the goal of other friends of the Indian for a quarter of a century before Mr. Collier saw Indians. He has totally failed to take into account two or three movements now proceeding steadily on behalf of the Indians, two or three fundamental factors otherwise contributive. And with so much of what may be a genuinely unconscious bias, he has also been unfair to the present Administration in dealing with Indians.

It is obvious that nothing can excuse Mr. Gessner for failure to acknowledge more candidly the recent gains in raising the appropriation for feeding the school children. Many of his statements referring to recent contentions of the Bureau are directly contradictable by the facts. There is no excuse for overlooking the fact that the most fundamentally remedial effort that has ever been made on behalf of Indians is proceeding successfully with the full coöperation of the Department of the Interior.

Like everybody else who honestly attempts to befriend the Indians, Mr. Gessner discovers the immense share that stupid ignorance plays in our treatment of them. But he does not yet know the Indian well enough to realize that our prime stupidity has been to try to force all Indians, whether they have any inherited disposition toward it or not, to make a living by farming. The tribes have been given farming land, not in every case absolutely sterile, land upon which white men with their inherited aptitude for agriculture and their ready access to agricultural experience, might have managed to live. The lamentable condition of many of the tribes at present is due to the fact that they have not known how to live on these lands. In the meantime, we have failed to discover that the chief factor in the Indian's unfitness for agriculture is compensated for by extraordinary gifts for hand craft. The movement now well launched and successfully working out among several Southwest tribes, of reinstating the Indian in his hereditary arts, should not be left out of any consideration of the Indian's situation. This work, while initiated before the present Administration went into office, has been heartily seconded by that Administration and is carried on with its full knowledge and approval. The question naturally arises why should Mr. Gessner have failed to include even a mention of this new departure. It should have had at least a chapter in any book purporting to deal with that subject.

Of Mr. Gessner's direct attack upon the present conduct of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, one can only say that it seems somewhat beside the mark. The real evil perhaps, consists in their being a Bureau at all. The inutility of all bureaucratic methods in dealing with human problems was never so clearly demonstrated. And back of that lies the characteristic incapacity of the average American to apprehend and judge inherent racial capacities different from his own. The remedial measures which the author of "Massacre" attaches to Mr. Collier's name are mostly sound, but they would reach only the obvious difficulties. So long as there are current, and operative against the Indian, such misconceptions as Mr. Gessner's own book reveals, the recommended reforms will afford no real spiritual and cultural relief.

The Case of Casement

TRAITOR OR PATRIOT: The Life and Death of Roger Casement. By DENIS GWYNN. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by FRANK MONAGHAN
New York University

JOSEPH CONRAD in 1903 wrote of Casement: "I can assure you that he is a limpid personality. There is a touch of the conquistador in him too; for I've seen him start off into an unspeakable wilderness swinging a crook-handled stick for all weapons, with two bulldogs, Paddy (white) and Biddy (brindle) at his heels, and a Loanda boy carrying a bundle for all company. A few months afterwards it so happened that I saw him come out again, a little leaner, a little browner, with his stick, dogs, and Loanda boy, and quite serenely as though he had been for a stroll in a park. . . . He could tell you things! Things I've tried to forget; things I never did know." The following year his official report to the British government on conditions in the Belgian Congo told an astonished world things that it had never known and which it has not yet been able to forget. Casement began his career modestly as a purser on a boat in the West African service, became fascinated by the dark mystery of the jungles, and spent several years in explorations. He spent some time lecturing in the United States before returning to join the British consular service in Africa. When he returned he was shocked to observe the great changes in the conditions of the natives and the horrors which had been introduced by the Belgian rubber concessions in this vast Congo district which was under the personal protection of King Leopold. Under the régime of that generous and enlightened monarch the natives had discovered that the rubber tree was the most noxious and fatal of the forest plants and that the agents of the rubber companies were the most savage of the beasts of the jungle. Casement became a special commissioner of the British government to investigate. Alone he penetrated the depths of this wilderness to discover how a large native population had been reduced to abject slavery, to forced labor; how they had been made the victims of inhuman

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punishments and wholesale butcheries. They were defenceless and, before the arrival of Casement, without a voice that the world might hear. The publication of his documented exposure, which H. W. Nevinson calls "the most appalling revelation of human abomination known to me," brought about sweeping reforms and gave Casement a brilliant international reputation. He returned to Ireland and the quiet glens of Antrim. There he became engulfed in the rising tide of bitterness between the Ulster Unionists and the Nationalists in the south and, although he was an Ulster Protestant, he joined the Sinn Féin movement.

His political activities were interrupted by an appointment to a consular post in Brazil; within a short time this impetuous and adventurous figure with his "enthusiastic attachment to romantic humanitarianism" was called to a greater and more dangerous task. The British Foreign Office asked him to investigate conditions in the Putumayo, a region exploited by a Peruvian rubber company with headquarters in London. To the natural difficulties and dangers of this inaccessible region of the Amazon was now added the threat of assassination. In the Putumayo he found even more revolting conditions: massacres of natives, barbarous punishments. After a lengthy investigation he drew up a blacklist of the worst offenders; this was sent to the Peruvian government, but their prosecutions were so tardy and ineffective that Casement returned to South America and again reported. At length in 1912 the British government published his report which aroused an outburst of indignation throughout the civilized world. Those who today read Seabrook's travel tales with feverish awe might still turn to Casement's published reports to observe the horrible and the weird in the jungles of the Congo and the Amazon. Casement, health shattered by long years in the tropics and mind haunted by ineffaceable memories of human atrocities and depravity, now retired to Ireland with a record of noble services to humanity, a small pension and a knighthood.

His restless spirit again turned to thoughts of Irish independence; he came to the conclusion that the only condition under which Irish independence could be achieved and maintained was with an American-Irish-German alliance which would at the same time establish and guarantee the freedom of the seas. These views he expounded in a series of pseudonymous articles published in 1912. The more logical, the more impossible and impracticable the project the more it fascinated his imagination. Had he not already plunged into darkest Africa against monsters of cruelty like dragons to be slain in some foreboding darkness? And was not the wilderness of the Putumayo more difficult? Yet these things he had done for tribes whose languages he could not even understand; now he would do something for Ireland. The outbreak of the war found him in the United States where he had become associated with the late John Devoy, the Fenian leader, and where he had talked with Bernstorff, the German ambassador. He impulsively rushed off to Germany—alone, without advice, without plans, without purpose beyond that enthusiastic dream of freeing Ireland.

Several months of contact and discussion with the German military authorities disillusioned him about the prospects of German assistance. As early as December, 1914, he recorded in his diary:

> In my heart I am very sorry I came. I do not think the German Government has any soul for great enterprises; it lacks the Divine spark of imagination that has ennobled British piracy. The seas may be freed by these people, but I doubt it. They will do it in their sleep—and without intending to achieve anything so great.

Casement had never been admitted to the inner councils of the revolutionists and during many months he had been cut off from communication with his friends. Now he suddenly learned that an uprising was planned for Easter Week. He knew that great reliance had been placed upon the German promises of officers, guns, and ammunition—promises that had been made to gain the Irish vote in America. Casement knew what cruel mockeries these promises were: the German assistance was to consist merely of several thousand ancient rifles captured from the Russians.

Now, in this twilight of doom, he saw the situation clearly. The leaders of the Volunteers in Dublin must be warned and the fated uprising prevented, though it might mean his own capture and death. In his desperation he sent two Irish-American friends to reveal the situation to Grey and Asquith in London. The Germans sent Casement to Ireland by submarine to superintend the landing of the guns. Several hours after landing he was taken by the police; the news of his arrest quickly spread and McNeill, as leader of the Volunteers, countermanded the order for the Easter Day parade. But Casement, as well as McNeill, had been acting in ignorance of the secret plans of the small group of the I. R. B. who brought about the disastrous Easter Week uprising. Casement's sacrifice of himself to prevent the rebellion was futile—and Devoy regarded him as the blundering visionary whose activities had caused the failure of the rising. Casement was brought to trial for treason. He was found guilty and condemned to be hanged; a movement for a reprieve was unsuccessful because of personal slanders spread by the government and Casement was hanged August 3, 1916 more as an Irish nationalist than as a traitor, as Bernard Shaw, Henry W. Nevinson's *Last Changes, Last Chances*, and Mr. Gwynn's book have eloquently demonstrated.

Several years ago the present reviewer inquired of George Russell why no biography of Casement had ever been written; he replied that a brilliant Irishman was then writing "the book on Casement." This is the book and Mr. Gwynn the author—who has himself done much to raise the level of contemporary historical writing about Ireland. This distinguished book is his third book on modern Ireland; in interest and value it ranks with the volumes of John Devoy, Serjeant Sullivan and Darrell Figgis, while it surpasses them in power of analysis and historical perspective. There is but one question that the author could not solve: the authenticity of the alleged Casement diaries which were circulated among those groups agitating for a reprieve. They contained elaborate evidence of sexual perversion and did succeed in silencing many of his friends. The Home Office now refuses to state whether or not they actually exist. But the weight of probable evidence is against their authenticity. Whether these mysterious diaries actually represented a moral perversion of Casement's or merely a perversion of Scotland Yard must be left for some future historian to establish; the mean and dastardly measures taken by the government to assure the death of a man already condemned to die are beyond doubt.

JULIAN HUXLEY
(See First Page)

We learn from the London *Observer* of a most peculiar book now published by Faber & Faber, though the story was first given to the public twenty years ago. No less a literary artist than Edith Olivier, author of "The Love Child" and other novels, writes a preface to the experiences of Miss Anne Moberly and the late Miss Jourdain, which was as follows: (The book is called simply "An Adventure.") In 1901, two English ladies "walking in the Trianon grounds, saw, spoke to, and were addressed by persons in the costumes of 1789. Some of the figures were apparent to the one and not to the other, but both were conscious of a strange tension and depression. A few months later, Miss Jourdain, on a visit by herself, had the same experience of being 'suddenly in a circle of influences,' and again saw and conversed with eighteenth century figures."

Freud and His Boswell

FREUD AND HIS TIMES. By FRITZ WITTELS. New York: Horace Liveright. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

DR. FRITZ WITTELS has done good service in presenting Dr. Freud to the public. Some years ago he wrote as much of a biography as the modest sage of Vienna would permit, and accompanied it with an outline of what seems to constitute the only drama of Dr. Freud's life, namely his work. The present volume commemorates Freud's 75th birthday. For this occasion Dr. Wittels has interpreted Dr. Freud's career, not psychoanalytically—for psychoanalysts wisely refrain from psycho-biographing one another—but in a broad, not to say sweepingly philosophic manner, with the rhapsodical glorification of a fervent disciple. What the psychoanalysts regard as exceptional, if indeed possible, seems to have occurred in Freud's own case; his "ego libido" has been turned wholly into "object libido"; the work is the man.

The difficulty in reviewing the work of such an ardent Freudian as Wittels is that his book is an epistle upon the papal authority at Vienna. We are told that Freud has "forbidden" his followers to philosophize; which mandate, if obeyed, would be tantamount to imposing a vow of silence. As for Freud himself, he has turned philosopher, and his speculations have left earthly psychology. He calls his system "metapsychology," which in truth it is. And yet it began in the deepest subsoil of the instinctive functions, intimately conditioned by the bondage of the flesh.

Questioning, as I do, the need or propriety of a metapsychology of any variety; emphasizing, as I do, the importance of a consistently naturalistic pursuit of the mental life, I should be without a common point of interest, but for the fact that I see in the Freudian approach a valuable complement and indeed a consummation of a progressive psychology. For crowning the human equipment is a psychical complication which makes civilization possible and makes reflection the distinctive human privilege. There *is* a story from "id" to "super-ego"; but, as I read it, it reads wholly differently from the Freudian version. To Freud belongs the credit—and it places him among the elect galaxy of influential minds—of projecting in a new light the relation of when and how we begin to where and how we end. In the core of Freudian doctrine are incorporated a few principles of fundamental import; these, I believe, will leave their impress on the course of psychology, whatever that may prove to be. For the rest—and that in volume far exceeds the redeeming nucleus—the superstructure seems to me shot through and through with logical error; the whole forms not a meta- but a mis-psychology of the human psyche.

Dr. Wittels is a consistent exponent of the Freudian dispensation in that he boldly and frankly proclaims that the method of intuition is valid, and in this field dominates the strictly logical procedure, which becomes recessive. Freud, says Wittels, has "access to a source [intuition] which scarcely needs the testimony of observation and experiment! Yet also: "Freud confined himself exclusively within the strict bounds of science." In Freud as in Goethe, the intuitional artist and the scientific observer fuse, and that fusion is held to mark the greatness of both. Goethe's biological insight is matched by Freud's clinical acumen; but by turning the clinical into a psychoanalytic insight, Freud became a pathfinder, confident of his data. Clearly we differ, reviewer and writer, in our views of the validity of Freud's construction. We agree in admiration of Freud's original contributions. Let the reader decide between us.

To the prospective reader it may be said that he will find much and many things in this comprehensive survey. He will find a psychoanalytic comment upon the times that produced Freud, yet a commentary carried on in a Victorian manner that seems outmoded everywhere except in the Teutonic tradition. He will find explanations of the nature of language and its "oral" status; of the pictorial symbols of primitive peoples and the *raison d'être* of modernistic art; of what sort of psychic animal was prehistoric man; of why women curtailed their hair and skirts in 1919, and in 1929 began to lengthen them. He will read that when conversion occurs it is a shift from the father image to the mother fixation; that "police are fathers armed with nightsticks"; that sadism accounts for pacifists; that it is "the homosexual residue of our libido which in sublimated form produces culture"; that "today the of-

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ficial scientific world . . . stands naked and trembling before psychoanalysis"; that neuroses "are indissolubly bound with the father fact and the thereby altered mother fact"; that "the present generation bequeaths to posterity the humiliating spectacle of placing side by side with Freud certain mediocre dissidences," perhaps even putting them above the man whose presence was created "to endure for centuries"; that in the present economic order, "the distribution of goods is so intolerably unjust and cruel" because of "the sadism of one [part of mankind] and the masochism of another"; that "without masochism, civilization is almost unthinkable." He will experience even more logical than esthetic shocks. We begin with "Goethe and Freud"; we end with "Einstein and Freud," with the not convincingly pertinent conclusion that "we return after a temporary intoxication from the astronomical tower upon Mount Wilson" to the greater satisfaction in psychoanalytic theory.

These fragmentary sections give the false impression that Dr. Wittels eclectic presentations lack sequence of organization. His plan, indeed, carries out his conviction that nothing human is alien to psychoanalysis; that the licensed psychoanalyst is qualified to pilot the intellectual passenger upon any voyage within the human cosmos. If I shared his conviction, I might be tempted to enlist in the same enterprise. I maintain only that the Freudian approach if rightly followed, is an important adjunct of modern psychology. It is only when I compare, in my limited flights of speculative imagination, what the Freudian contribution might have been, had it been pursued in the spirit of naturalism and with the restraints of scientific logic, that I look with ambivalent dissent and admiration at the structure so enthusiatically presented by Dr. Wittels.

Modern Russia

NEW RUSSIA'S PRIMER. By M. Ilin. Translated by George Counts and Nucia P. Lodge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1931. $1.75.

WHY RECOGNIZE RUSSIA? By Louis Fischer. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by Maurice Hindus

I CAN think of several books in English which tell more of the Five Year Plan than does the "New Russia's Primer." Surely the books by Michael Farbman, Bruce Hopper, Hubert Knickerbocker (absurdly misnamed "The Red Trade Menace"), and George Counts, one of the translators of the Primer, do so. One important aspect of the Five Year Plan, the physical and psychological difficulties its execution has encountered, the author completely ignores. Here is hardly a word on the strain, the sacrifice, the heart-searching and heartburning that this sensational crusade for a modernized and socialized Russia has imposed on the population.

Yet I know of no book on Russia in English or in any other language including Russian, that has to such an overwhelming degree the charm of this Primer. Ilin may have chosen to ignore the drama of the Five Year Plan, but not its romance. All the way through he speaks of winds, rivers, forests, fields, mines, and of the uses to which man has put them and which Russia is seeking to make of them. But he offers us no dissertation on economics, sociology, or physics. To the outside world the Five Year Plan may be a threat, a challenge, a boast, but to Ilin in these pages it is an extraordinarily romantic adventure and he narrates it with a simplicity, a dignity, a finesse, that lift it to the plane of great literature. It is a prose poem of which Turgenev might have been proud. No wonder that the Book-of-the-Month-Club has selected it for its May offering.

The Primer is written for children but any adult with a modicum of intellectual curiosity and with a feeling for fine prose will find it enchanting reading. To an American the approach may seem too elementary! "Waste lands are clay, sand, and stone; forests are beams, rafters, staves, and ties; peat swamps are electric current." But the American has been living in an atmosphere of science and the machine. Russia on the other hand is just being dragged out of feudalism. "We know little," says the writer with good-natured candor, "we have few engineers, few physicians, few scientists; half of us above eight years of age in the village cannot even read. In America only six per cent of the people are illiterate." To the Russian, therefore, science and the machine are a revelation, an adventure, and a plaything.

What lends this book special virtue is the equanimity of the author. Nowhere is he acrimonious. Nowhere does he betray the braggadacio which permeates so much Communist writing. Through some magic force he has managed to lift himself above the "madding crowd" of the Revolution and to look down on the Russian earth with serene and smiling eyes. Consider the phrasing of the topics he discusses: "hands for kilograms; legs for meters; a mountain which will be eaten up by our ally chemistry; what the winds will give us." Under his magic touch, steel, coal, lumber, air, water, become something personal and warm.

In the final chapter, "New People" the author draws a contrast between the civilization of today and the civilization of tomorrow. Here one gets the human basis of the Revolution. "We need factories to refine iron and steel. We also need factories to refine people; we need schools, universities, libraries, cottage reading rooms; we need books, newspapers—many times more than we have now. We must eradicate drunkenness; we must close shops of alcohol and replace saloons with theaters and moving pictures, with clubs and rest-rooms." A socially-minded YMCA worker might have penned this passage.

The translators of this book need to be commended for the pains they have taken to retain the flavor and the rhythm of the author's style. In reading the Primer one completely forgets that it is a translation.

Louis Fischer's book, "Why Recognize Russia?," is in spirit and style quite different from Ilin's Primer. The very title suggests controversy and the book brims over with it. Fischer is frankly and decisively for recognition, yet he is not cantankerous. He has managed to weave together into a breezy narrative the arguments on both sides of the question.

Fischer of course disagrees with the State Department and with the men who are upholding its attitude toward Russia. He believes that recognition can bring no harm to America, not the slightest. He devotes a whole chapter to the subject of Communist propaganda and reiterates with force the contention of the Soviet government that it cannot be held responsible for the activities of the Communist International. He holds that no credible proof has as yet been offered that the Soviet government has ever violated its agreement not to interfere with the internal affairs of the nations with which it has maintained official relations. He quotes Mr. Clynes, the Home Secretary in the British Cabinet, and, therefore, the Head of Scotland Yard, as saying that the raid on the Arcos, the English-Russian trade organization, which resulted in the break of diplomatic relations between London and Moscow, was "obviously a failure." He quotes Ramsey MacDonald as saying that this raid "was a pathetic—a tragic-comic melodrama." Fischer does not believe that Soviet representatives in this country would use their official position to further Communist propaganda.

His arguments will not of course alter the attitude of people who are emotionally committed to non-recognition. But the reader who is not emotionally stirred up over the question one way or the other will find his book informing and challenging. It is written with a vigor and lucidity that make it pleasant reading.

Posthumous Lawrence

THE VIRGIN AND THE GIPSY. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by Basil Davenport

D. H. LAWRENCE'S posthumous book, "The Virgin and the Gipsy," is hardly a novel of plot, and hardly a *roman à thèse;* it is something between the two. The story could not well be simpler. His heroine is the daughter of an English rector, a forthright, courageous, natural girl in one of those flabby, stuffy clerical households, full of stale air and a stale moral atmosphere, which are familiar to us in many books since "The Way of All Flesh." She falls in love with a gipsy tinker; the course of their love runs with amazing smoothness, reaches its climax, and is broken off clean. This singularly uncomplicated story is made to advocate its author's favorite ideas. It expresses his profound respect for hardihood and self-reliance, shown physically in the lean, dark strength of the gipsy, and spiritually in the independence of the girl, of whom the author says, when she confronts her father, "At the back of perplexity was that peculiar calm, virgin contempt of the free-born for the base-born." And the book expresses likewise his well-known belief in sexual love as the great manifestation of physical strength and moral bravery, and, if the people are strong and beautiful, the consummation, the end and the beginning, of life on earth, which he evidently adores as a sacrament in the strictest sense.

This philosophy is so pervasive that one cannot criticize the book without considering it. It is, of course, suspect from the first, because of the obvious strain in it of almost morbid admiration for ruggedness and virility that is so often found in the work of invalid authors, though they are as far apart in other respects as Nietzsche and Stevenson. And even if one says, what is quite true, that any position has a right to be considered on its merits, irrespective of the health of its proponent, still there is one great objection to the thesis of the book, namely, that the gratification of sexual passion is far less often associated with living hard than with living soft. This Lawrence tries to meet in one of the conversations in the book; one of the characters says, "Desire is the most wonderful thing in life. Anybody who can really feel it is a king, and I envy nobody else." He receives the answer that every common man in Halifax feels nothing else, and responds, "That's merely appetite." But that is all; he says nothing of how or why they are to be distinguished, and without that the answer is a mere begging of the question. And "The Virgin and the Gipsy" uses the fiction-writer's power to supply an apparent demonstration by simply suspending the laws of cause and effect for the purpose of the book. In fact, a love affair between a clergyman's daughter and a tinker could never have been so happy, and broken off so short after a splendid consummation; one or the other would have hung on, or at the very least would have wished desperately to hang on; some one would have been left wretched.

If the book is worth arguing with at such length, it is only because it is so hauntingly persuasive. Its author's power and beauty have never been more compellingly shown than in this book, in which, with none of the self-torment of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" or "Women in Love," he describes a love affair which would be perfect if the world were pure romance. There is something almost supernatural about the atmosphere of the rectory that he shows us; the old deaf grandmother, living on the vitality of others, is a genuinely horrifying figure, and the heroine's escape into the open air gives a sense of overwhelming relief. Perhaps one should simply take "The Virgin and the Gipsy" as a love-story that has no more reality than "Daphnis and Chloe," as one of the idylls of our time, like "A Farewell to Arms." We cannot now believe in "And so they were married, and lived happily for ever after," but we will still believe "And so it never wore itself out, but ended then and there." And if one can accept this conclusion, "The Virgin and the Gipsy" is a beautiful love-story.

A study of "American Tramp and Underworld Slang," recently published in England by Eric Partridge and edited by Godfrey Irwin, contains the following description of the *genus* "hobo":

A hobo is a man who builds palaces and lives in shacks,
He builds Pullmans and rides the rods,
He builds automobiles and pushes a wheelbarrow,
He serves T-bone steaks and gets the soup bone,
He builds electric-light plants and burns oil,
He builds opera houses and goes to the movies,
He makes silk suspenders and holds his pants up with a rope,
He reaps the harvest and stands in the bread line.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

P. P. C.

To Paradise, to Paradise
There blows a breeze to Paradise
And goose flesh does that eerie air
Raise, and rebellion in my hair.
It drives the dust before my eyes
'Till they can peep in Paradise
Once only, for there wafts not twice
A wind to there.

How treacherous I do not care
Or brief of virtue but I dare
Thereon escape this too precise
Reality for Paradise.
And if there asks one singular
Inquisitive how there I fare,
Tell him I find life perfect where
There reigns Caprice!

IF EVEN GOD

Death I have looked at in so many guises
And some encountered that I'm coy with it;
Wisdom I've sampled till there're no surprises
Novel therein to titillate my wit:
The life me given I've found too full of savour
Quite to be sweet; a little gingerly
Love I have tasted, but to test its flavour
More time is needed than eternity.

For every hour eternity's diminished
By something. When He blows the candles out
And flings down dusty streets the world He's finished,
A brimless and ridiculous old hat,
My ghost will dream of love, and dream to doubt
If even God can put an end to that.

TUTTI I NOTTI

Throw up your hat and cheer for the parade!
Stray clouds are strutting as great stallions do,
Ribboned and proud and powerfully slow.
Stand up and shout! No show was ever made
So generous as this; no other tent
Holds acrobatics comparable to these
Where every star swings from so high trapeze
And comets dive in such wild devilment.

This is the circus I have come to see
And not the side shows. Though they're thin or fat
Men to be laughed at almost any day
And bearded ladies and the Lord knows what,
I have no eyes to falter from the sky
Where giants battle and the great gods play.

APOSTROPHE TO ÆOLUS

As you were old before the first sun shone
You will be young after the last has gone,
Never too tired to tear a mountain down
Yet gentle to the delicate, full blown
Anemone that waits the frost alone.

You drove with passion a romantic race
Across the sea for one frail woman's face
To make immortal Ilion's towery place,
You quickened the tall triremes' headlong pace
To victory at Samothrace.

And even now as I peer in the sky
You, so magnificently striding by
The stolid stars, I very nearly see,—
Only the narrowed pupil of my eye
Winces at so much majesty.

HUGH WESTERN.

* * *

THIS promises to be a lively season for omnibus editions that are really worth owning. We have spoken of the W. W. Jacobs thesaurus (Scribner) and the Austin Freeman detective-story collection (Dodd Mead). Now we see announced in England (Constable) the Complete Plays of Bernard Shaw in one volume—39 plays, 1150 pp., for 12/6. Who is going to do it for us over here? But perhaps our favorite of them all is the *Collected Ghost Stories of M. R. James* shortly to be published here by Longmans, Green & Co. Connoisseurs of grim fairy-tales, of gooseflesh and chilblain, of the cauld grue and the unco gashly, have long known Dr. James to be one of the Overlords of Horror. He has a peculiarly plain and genial way of prickling the spine, never marring his frosty effects by cracking the whip and goading the adjective. Cheer your bookseller and ensure yourself a week-end of exquisite agitation by placing an order for the Collected Ghost Stories of M. R. James.

In his preface Dr. Montague James says:—

> Questioners ask if I have any theories as to the writing of ghost stories. None that are worthy of the name or need to be repeated here: some thoughts on the subject are in a preface to *Ghosts and Marvels* (The World's Classics, Oxford, 1924). There is no recipe for success in this form of fiction more than in any other. The public, as Dr. Johnson said, are the ultimate judges: if they are pleased, it is well; if not, it is no use to tell them why they ought to have been pleased. Supplementary questions are: Do I believe in ghosts? To which I answer that I am prepared to consider evidence and accept it if it satisfies me. And lastly, Am I going to write any more ghost stories? To which I fear I must answer, Probably not.

* * *

Mr. Herbert Beeman of the Vancouver Board of Trade writes that the Hotel Angelus in that city was not in existence in 1889, so our conjecture that Michel Eyraud and Gabrielle Bompard (of the "Red and White Girdle") stayed there, was inaccurate. Mr. Beeman (who adds, to our pleasure, that he is a Charter Subscriber to the SATURDAY REVIEW) sends us a number of folders describing Vancouver and its picturesque surroundings which lead us to think that the fugitives were well advised in lingering there. As an official of the Board of Trade he is prudent enough not to suggest which hotel he thinks they may have visited. Studying an alluring pamphlet which describes 14 days of excursion among Vancouver's environs, I find many scenic charms which may well have attracted Gabrielle and the infatuated M. Garanger.

Perhaps he made overtures to her on the shores of False Creek; perhaps they took the Yale Road, stopping at Cultus Lake; perhaps at Harrison Hot Springs ("predominating in sulphur, with a temperature of 155°F.") they might have seen a symbol of Hot Water preparing in the future.

* * *

F. N. of New York City writes that he also had to pay duty on the Maggs catalogue; in his case it was valued at $3, duty 45 cents.

* * *

All About Books, an Australian literary journal published in Melbourne by D. W. Thorpe, prints in its issue of February 16, 1931 an unsigned article "A Bookseller Talks Shop," in which we find:—

> George and I strolled down to the wharves, for I had heard that the barque *Otago*, now a coal hulk but once a white-winged beauty, and Joseph Conrad's command, had been sold that day for the sum of one pound. She is to be towed up the river and sunk to make a breakwater at Old Beach.

* * *

The spring issue of that very-much-alive quarterly *The Hound and Horn* (10 East 43, New York City) contains an extremely interesting article by Hester Pickman on Rainer Maria Rilke, of whom we have known very little. His *Journal of My Other Self* was one of the larger adventures of last winter's reading. Rilke was born in Prague in 1875. He married a pupil of the sculptor Rodin, and about 1905 he was acting as Rodin's secretary. Mrs. Pickman speaks of the strong influence of Paris on the young cosmopolitan:

"His most fruitful times were spent there, living for several months at a stretch and over a period of many years in the small furnished bedroom of some cheap boarding house, a solitude that was for the most part only broken by lunching in a 'crêmerie' or walking in the Luxembourg Gardens:"—

> The claim this city makes upon one is immeasurable and uninterrupted. (To her I owe the best that I am now able to do.) She does not give immediate and direct aid in artistic pursuits, she does not in a way affect the work one is doing,—but she transforms, strengthens and develops one,—she gently takes the tools out of one's hand that one had been using until then and replaces them with others infinitely finer and more precise. . . .

Another passage quoted by Mrs. Pickman deserves thought:—

> "I must ever be at odds," he wrote once in a letter, "with all that is inherited, because what I have acquired for myself is so slight. I am almost without culture. My constantly renewed efforts to embark on new studies end in disaster, owing to exterior circumstances and to the singular feeling, that always overcomes me in the midst of them, as though I were always going further away from an inborn knowledge and as though I were struggling on a road that after much winding would only lead me back to it."

I have sometimes thought it would be pleasant to compile a Second-Story Guide to Fifth Avenue—viz. a consideration of what one sees from the top of a bus, disregarding everything on the pavement level. Better still, perhaps, a 50-Stories and Upward census, dealing with those who live or work on the 50th story or higher. The origin of these notions was the discovery, from the top of the Empire State Building, of an upward-looking advertisement never suspected from below. I pay tribute to the foresight and upsight of Mr. I. J. Fox, who has painted on the roof of his building where every patron of the Empire State observation terrace can see it:—

Buy Your Furs
from I. J. FOX
5th Ave. at 36th St.

* * *

We have often spoken of the ingenuity and spirit of the booksellers of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The excellent Arthur Rogers, of 4 Queen's Square, that city, has an entirely new notion. His spring catalogue is dedicated to one of his customers, Mr. John C. Eckel of Philadelphia.

* * *

Dorothy Burgess rises briskly to her feet in defence of *Sordello*. "It's a beautiful and exciting poem," she insists, "and NOT obscure. William Sharp called it an unforgettable land for the poet. He thought better of it than Browning himself. When anyone tells me a poem is forgotten and unreadable I have a go at it right away."

This leads us to fear that Mrs. Burgess has been rereading *Sordello* with the definite intention of approving it. We ourself (we admit) have a phobia against it—probably because it is printed, in our one-volume Browning, in illegibly small type.

As to the copy of *Sordello* used in Katharine Cornell's charming production of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* (at the Empire Theatre) we must allow Miss Cornell herself the graceful last word. She writes:—

> I think nothing is too good for the stage, and anything so precious it cannot be used has little value to me. But in your zeal for the real, you have overlooked a reality. My copy of *Sordello*, which lies on the table beside Ba's couch, has a cover faded by the years. The book that Robert and Elizabeth read from at their first meeting was as fresh as their own eager spirits. Even as the two lovers, *Sordello* can no longer play its own part.

* * *

The Bowling Green must be permitted a special pleasure in the recent Pulitzer award for the year's best cartoon to Mr. Edmund Duffy of the Baltimore *Sun*. It was the old Bowling Green (in the N. Y. *Evening Post*) that printed one of Mr. Duffy's earliest published drawings, a sketch of McSorley's fine old bar-room on 7th Street with some admirably picturesque habitués arguing in a hot midday relaxation. It was a notable triumph of easy humorous draughtsmanship and we believed even then that Mr. Duffy would climb to the top of the tree.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

INJURY NOTED

Whoever "Stet" is, who is doing a series of "Second Impressions" for *The Week-end Review* in England, now in its third volume, he has recently had the following interesting comment to make (in part) on the poet, John Keats:

In order to become the poet of the predictions, Keats would have had to make his style all over again. We are told he was on his way to becoming the most nearly Shakespearean of all poets since Shakespeare, and apparently I am the only living bookish person who does not see the probability, the virtual certainty, of that development. Well, heaven help me, I do not see it. What he had in common with Shakespeare may be seen, far more clearly than in any poem of his, in a very famous letter to Woodhouse:

> "A Poet is the most unpoetical of any thing in existence; because he has no Identity—he is continually in for and filling some other Body. . . . It is a wretched thing to confess; but it is a very fact that not one word I ever utter can be taken for granted as an opinion growing out of my identical nature—how can it when I have no nature?"

But, like this or dislike it, literary possibilities are limited in every individual instance by what is technically possible for the individual. The man of the letters to Woodhouse and others may have been developing into something that, in critical shorthand, can be called Shakespearean: where is the proof that this poet was doing the like?

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Interregnum

IT is now about a year since the realization spread that in literature, as in business, the Golden Age was over. The final collapse of the "new economic era" can most conveniently be dated from the market break of May 1930, just after Mr. Hoover had assured us that everything was going to be all right. In the same week, Mr. Cabell's obituary on his contemporaries, appearing in the "Books," shocked the majority into recognition that the Great Twenties were ancient history. The last doubter must have been convinced when our Nobel Prize winner, broadcasting from Stockholm to the inhabited world, delivered a message that would have been timely and useful in the days of the Dingley tariff.

"One need not necessarily be a Marxian," writes Mr. Edwin Seaver in "Behold America," "to see some analogy between the political and economic situation during the decade following the war and the cultural situation." To Mr. Seaver I shall return; he writes well and thinks well, when the King Charles's head of the class struggle does not get in his way. But besides the general analogy he discerns there is a closer analogy between what happened to letters and what happened to stocks about the same time; the same thing that had happened to Florida four years earlier. To the non-Marxian eye they are all instances of inflation—overcapitalization of something pretty good, on the theory that respectable present earnings were a mere foretaste of fabulous future earnings. The Nineteen Twenties turned up, perhaps, more good and fairly good writers than any other decade in American history; but current criticism insisted that no writer was merely good; if he merited mention at all he was great, and greatness attached to everything he wrote thereafter, however dreadful it might happen to be.

Some of us had the misfortune to be unable to perceive all this greatness—a real misfortune, for the Cassandras never get so much fun out of life as the yea-sayers. But even we had the sense of living in stirring times, when there was always a good fight going on. If we doubted the divine authority of the great men of the age, we could at least feel about them as sixteenth-century Protestant theologians felt about the Pope; they were important enough to abuse if not to obey.

Now the fire has gone out. Criticism is listless and apathetic because there is no target worth shooting at, no literary figure who can be regarded by his opponents otherwise than as the Pope is regarded by Protestant theologians of 1931—a Christian brother doing the best he can, for whom we can feel fraternal sympathy even if we disagree with him. We are our own posterity, feeble epigones of our better selves. The great figures of the Heroic Age have been caught up into the Valhalla of the Metropolitan Club, there to indulge in the traditional heroic pastimes of eating, drinking, and fighting. All our pomps of yesterday are one with Nineveh and Tyre.

But what pomps they were, while they lasted! Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive; the jungle of obsolete tradition that had obstructed human progress was being cleared away, and on the site it had so long encumbered was to be built a new Wonder City of the spirit. So the Florida developers promised, too; but they spent all their money in clearing away the jungle, and when the landscape was swept and garnished they had nothing left to build with. The same thing happened to the intellectuals. They did a fine job of demolition, but it used up all their capital; when the time came for construction, they were bankrupt.

Over ruined Florida developments, the jungle is creeping back. From the Pullman window you see some huge piece of machinery which once sheared away the thickets, deserted and rusting in a tangle of wild flowers; and you think of Mencken, that Great Scarifier, retired to innocuous desuetude in a bower of orange blossoms. Reread the most admired criticism of the years when the Great Enlightenment was dawning, and you will be reminded of those miles of curbstones and lamp posts spreading across the Floridian wastes, mapping out the streets of some Wonder City that was never built.

Is the jungle creeping back on us, too? Not the same jungle; Howells and Longfellow are dead, even if Lewis does not know it. But something is going to grow in those abandoned boulevards, and unless we do some landscape gardening it may be a more noxious and tangled vegetation than what was cleared away.

The business world, on the whole, has accepted its deflation with better grace than the "intellectual" world. But the business criterion is simple; sales charts and balance sheets tell the story. The publisher is committed to a double standard; even if his authors do not sell they may be great authors. So in some quarters the old game still goes on; they say great, great, where there is no greatness. But nobody believes them any more and they do not seem to expect anybody to believe them; publishers' publicity of 1931 has the same hollow ring as the encyclicals of brokerage houses. The *reductio ad absurdum* of current literature, from the commercial standpoint, is the appearance among the best sellers of the reissued "Bridge of Desire"; which on its first American publication, a dozen years ago, sold seven hundred copies.

WHAT has the commercial standpoint to do with it? A great deal. Inflation does not start itself; it has to have something to go on. One characteristic of the Great Twenties was that they took away the reproach that had previously attached to the best seller; they were an age when, generally speaking, the best books—at least the books most highly regarded at the moment—had the largest sale. But these early and on the whole deserved successes brought on the trade, in authors and publishers, too, the inescapable disease of prosperity. Where there is profit and glory to be won new producers rush in, and presently the field is overcrowded and only cutthroat competition can enable anybody to keep alive.

It was possible to believe that our age was adorned by half a dozen major geniuses; but when each Sunday's literary supplements discovered half a dozen new major geniuses, production soon outran the effective consumer demand. When that happened in other industries the instalment plan kept things going for a time; the book trade adopted other but equally dubious expedients. Some outstanding successes were won by importing the tactics and ethics of the movies into a trade whose traditions had been of quite another sort; and the men who stooped to conquer were imitated by others who stooped without conquering. There were firms, plenty of them, that did not stoop; but the industry as a whole lost something it may never quite recover. As production went up and sales went down, it began to be felt that the way to sell a book was to give it a title which would keep the customers from finding out what it was about. Only a bold (ora subsidized) biographer dared to call his life of John W. Smith the "Life of John W. Smith"; and a publisher who called a volume of collected essays, "Collected Essays," would have been overpowered and manacled by his salesmen and shipped off to Matteawan.

The result was inevitable; there was so much "hooey" in the trade that the customers decided it was all "hooey"; having been assured that all books were great, they decided in a huff that no books were great.

Success was even more demoralizing to the authors. That so many books were popular both with critics and with customers seemed to prove that literature was no longer something apart from the life of the nation; novelists and critics were prophets, their opinions had authority, and the herd must follow them into the Promised Land. The herd did follow for a while; witness the popularity of "Main Street" on Main Street and of "Babbitt" among the Babbitts. But long before the Great Deflation the intellectual market had a downward trend. Mr. Lewis at Stockholm complained that even the most successful American authors had to feel that what they were doing did not really matter. That he is right everyone agrees; the intellectuals say one thing (or many things), but the viscerals, far more numerous, do something else. For a while there was a healthy tendency to blame the crowd for not following its natural leaders, but lately the suspicion has spread that the leaders are at fault. They weaken their power by dissensions; they have no Program. It is only human that every man who thinks intellectual America should have a program also thinks it should have My Program. But intellectuals, as the term is commonly used, means people whose trade is ideas, or what they consider ideas; and to demand that they should all have the same ideas is to transfer the argument to the realm of dogma.

Mr. Seaver, in the survey mentioned above, finds the great test where? which American intellectual leadership broke down in the failure of the writers of the nation to rise up unanimously in defense of Sacco and Vanzetti. Well, they did not rise up unanimously because they did not feel unanimously; most of them, possibly, considered the affair an outrage, but many of them may have felt that there were outrages more urgently outrageous. A few writers did rush to the defense of Sacco and Vanzetti. got themselves conspicuously arrested on Boston Common, and thereby tightened the ropes around the victims' necks. Such qualms as had begun to stir in Boston were drowned out by this tumultuous inroad of New Yorkers, as might have been foreseen. If what was wanted was propaganda for the cause, it was a great gesture; but I presume that what was wanted was the release of two innocent men, and for that purpose the demonstration was worse than useless.

What Mr. Seaver means is that everybody should have recognized the Sacco-Vanzetti case as a dramatization of the class struggle, and that it is the moral duty of all American writers to line up on the "proletarian" side. He does not condescend to offer reasons; this is a self-evident truth perceived by the eye of faith, so it would be of little use to quote against him Mr. George Soule's recent observation in the New Republic: "At most times and in most places the class struggle exists chiefly in the minds of theorists who think it ought to be fundamental." If by an act of faith you can accept Communism, or Catholicism, or Theosophy, or Christian Science, as a full and sufficient answer, that ends the argument.

Those who lack faith and are consequently compelled to examine the evidence are more likely to find the explanation of the failure of the intellectuals in a fallacious assumption. A man who can write a good novel or a good play has a specialized talent. So has Heifetz; so has George Earnshaw; but these artists do not feel that their special talent qualifies them as authorities in all intellectual fields. "Babbitt" is generally accepted as the best novel of the decade, but when its author is not writing novels his performances are less impressive. Other Golden Ages did not make this mistake of confusing the critical and the creative gifts. What were William Shakespeare's opinions on the principal navigations and discoveries, the war with Spain, the economic issues of his day? Shakespeare was a man of discretion, so we do not know; but whatever they were, they would have gained no authority from the fact that he wrote "Hamlet."

BUT the doctrine that any writer admired by the critics (and who was not, in the Golden Age?) was also an intellectual leader prevailed for a time; if it has lost ground, writers have only themselves to blame. They said all they had to say, and then kept on saying. Further, most of the people the average author knows are authors, or editors, or publishers; so that fiction tends more and more to become a picture of the "intellectual" world from the inside. So long as the intellectuals derided the business man they were firing from cover; they sacrificed that advantage when they began to write about themselves. Like Jimmy Walker, they were willing to match private lives with anybody; the confession novelist confessed not only all about himself but all about his friends. The literary world of New York has been depicted in a hundred chronicles of cheerless drunkenness and unsatisfactory fornication; leaving morals out of the argument, this sort of life stands condemned because (in fiction, at least) people do not get ony funt out of it. The picture may be true or may be false; the reader outside the trade accepts it as true, because it is painted by people who ought to now. By their own reiterated confession the mass of American writers are a lousy lot, and they cannot blame the Babbitts for rejecting their pretensions to leadership.

In this malodorous guttering the candle lit in 1915

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by Elmer Davis

is going out. It would be absurd to try to add much to what Mr. Cabell has said of the major writers of the period. Even now, when the critical superlatives of the 'twenties are as ridiculous as the economic prophecies of the same era, one can recognize that there was a good deal of solid accomplishment. "Babbit," of course, stands out above all the rest; it seems to be generally felt that this at any rate will endure. But I cannot believe that "The High Place" will be forgotten so long as there are people who prefer something done perfectly to something done only pretty well; or for that matter "The Age of Innocence"; and the history of Richard Bale of Balisand may last several decades longer than most of Mr. Lorimer's serials. To say nothing of Mr. Cabell's critical writings, in which a certain point of view has found definitive expression.

The elder writers have done their work—earned their ease, if they are wise enough to take it. But where are their successors? There is still Hemingway, of course; how much he has to say nobody knows, perhaps not even Hemingway himself, but the man who could write that story of the retreat from Caporetto ought to be able to write something more. There is the astoundingly mature talent of Pearl S. Buck sprung suddenly from nowhere; but she is only a writer, not a school. The great figures of a decade ago were like George Kaufman's wonder boy of Hollywood; they did not see the trend, they were the trend. Mrs. Buck can doubtless go on writing good novels in Nanking, but New Yorkers cannot make a cult of a woman who lives half way round the world.

I cannot share the excitement felt in some quarters over Mr. William Faulkner. He has obvious gifts, but he fakes some of his horrors; the story of "Sanctuary" impressed you, but so it would if you had read it in a tabloid. Only, you could not have read it in a tabloid, in the same detail; this land of Puritanical repression, so hostile to the creative artist, permits a novelist to say things that no newspaper would dare try to get away with. To deserve serious consideration Mr. Faulkner must do more than jump out of a dark corner shouting "Boo!"

So it does not yet appear what dynasty will succeed the Great Ones of the past. But where is the Provisional Government that ought to bridge the interregnum? What is the matter with the middle generation, ten years younger than Cabell and Hergesheimer and ten years older than the newcomers? Some of them are silent and the rest might as well be for all the consideration they get. Perhaps they were overlaid by the great reputations that preceded them; or perhaps a book that would have looked more impressive than it was, seven or eight years ago, looks even less impressive than it is, now that we have had our bellyful of superlatives; or perhaps—"You hear every reason for it," says Isabel Paterson, "except that people just write as well as they can write, and they can't do any better."

True enough, so far as it goes. But they wrote not only as well as they could but as much as they could; they glutted the market; their enthusiasm carried them dangerously near the abyss where there is nothing left to say, *unless you create it*. Most of the fiction of the Great Decade was journalistic, not creative; when it was first said it had a novelty value and seemed to mark its sayers as persons of consequence, but nothing can be new twice. Artists were mistaken for leaders; critics who might have led were mistaken for artists. Now that these mistakes have been exposed, nobody is quite sure of anything.

TILL the Great Decade transvalued all values, it had been supposed that the essential ingredients of literature were character and action. The 'twenties gave us other things, useful so far as they went; but little conclusive action (as was natural enough after the gigantic but not very conclusive action of the war) and not much significant character aside from George F. Babbitt and perhaps Leora Arrowsmith.

We are getting plenty of action now that the racketeer and gunman are the fashion, but not much character because you cannot make character out of a moron with a machine gun. That fashion will pass, as the present intellectual catalepsy will pass. But where do we go from here? A noisy if not yet very numerous group thinks it knows the answer; we go to Moscow, bow before the tomb of Lenin, and there receive remission of our sins. Mr. Seaver seems to be one of the more ingenuous members of this faction; he tells us that the watchword of American intellectuals must be, "Toward the people!" We must see "the essential kinship between our literate discontent and the illiterate discontent of the crowd." What crowd? The crowd you see on the subway and at Coney Island and at the county fair? If so, the kinship is discernible only to the eye of faith. The illiterate discontent of the actual crowd already has its mouthpieces—the tabloids, "True Stories," and the movies.

But possibly that is not what Mr. Seaver means. The Russian intellectuals went toward the people sixty years ago and came away disappointed. Some of them relapsed into despair, but others decided that they personally were the people, and be damned to anybody who disagreed with them. So Mr. Seaver may mean the "crowd" in the Communist sense, a group of intellectuals who consider themselves trustees of the Holy Grail of proletarian dictatorship.

The enthusiasm for Communism among some of our younger literati is natural enough; it is the counterpart of the eighteenth century's enthusiasm for America, of the enthusiasm for the South Sea islands that was current a dozen years ago—longing for something remote and relatively unknown, to which at a distance you can impute all the virtues while ignoring any actual drawbacks. Communism is an organized body of dogma which explains everything once you have swallowed its major premise; embrace it, and you can feel that you have found refuge in the Everlasting Arms. As much can be said for Catholicism, but Catholicism has the practical disadvantage of being a going concern, not only abroad but here; a man who turned Catholic might find that the hierarchy expected him to live up to his professions, which would entail considerable inconvenience to the ordinary man of letters.

COMMUNISM also entails considerable inconvenience, of another sort, where it is in operation; but a man can be a Communist in New York, at present, at no greater cost than if he were a Jacobite or a Ghibelline. With none of the physical hardships of life in Russia, none of the despair that must afflict a writer when he suddenly comes up against a blank wall of dogma that shuts off the progress of his thinking, our local Communist can hug to his bosom the conviction that he alone knows the way of salvation.

It seems more likely to be the way of perdition. Fourteen years of Russian Communism, complicated by war and famine and hardship, is too short a time to be sure that Communism is poison to a writer; if modern Russia has produced little it has plenty of excuses. But what hope is there under a creed which insists that final, unalterable, and all-embracing truth has been revealed? Books that contradict the Communist Koran are false and pernicious; if any of them have been published in Russia, they have never reached the American market. And books that merely contain re-affirmations of the Marxian truth that all good Communists know already may presently be found unnecessary. As long ago as Plato's day, it was more than hinted that there would be no literature in the Perfect State.

There is room in literature for much that has nothing to do with Communism, one way or the other. So you and I might think, but not the "proletarian" theorists. Art must be proletarian, every artist must be class-conscious. Artists had a hard enough time in Russia under the Czars, but at least some criticism was permitted, sometimes; they did not all have to choose between emigration and Siberia; and there was a constant ferment of thought that gave them a public and produced new ideas and new artists. That ineffiicient despotism has been succeeded by a despotism which succeeds pretty well in controlling speech, and when it has educated the new generation may be able to control thought, too.

Actual proletarian literature is depressing enough, as the output of Hollywood proves; but at least the door is not shut against improvement. Dogmatically "proletarian" literature offers little either in its doctrine—all the literature that has ever amounted to anything has dealt with individuals, not a crowd—or in its corollary of repression of dissent. Great literature may be either an enthusiastic approval of the existing order (as the "Æneid") or bitter criticism of that order (as "Babbitt") or concerned (as "Hamlet") with matters which have nothing to do with the existing order. But it can hardly flourish in a state where the existing order regulates all phases of life with its dogmas, and any serious critic is sent to chop wood in Siberia.

IF American literature must have a proletarian dictator I might prefer the synthetic proletarianism of Seaver and Max Eastman to the authentic proletarianism of MacFadden, on grounds of taste. But it is the difference between an open and a closed door. MacFadden goes with the crowd, he does not insist that the crowd go with him. Tabloid and movie literature may be bad enough, but there is no obstacle to improvement if the seeds of improvement happen to be there.

All this may be taking the Communists too seriously; but they are making a good deal of noise, and attracting some attention because they have a program, definite and all-inclusive, when the rest of us have none; their doctrine has the appeal of any patent medicine. Mr. Cabell remarks that the more important writers of his generation all perceived that "there is no cure for being human"; but minor intellectuals of the 'twenties usually believed there was, and fell into despair when they could not find it offhand. Now come the Communists with the genuine old Russian remedy that will cure everything, and they find some customers.

There never has been any cure for being human; yet the human race has managed to worry along, and to produce some very respectable artistic by-products of its endeavors and its dissatisfaction. If Marx and Lenin have found a cure there is nothing more to write about. I can conceive a Communism that permitted freedom of thought, of speech, of experiment, as I can conceive a Christianity that expressed the spirit of Jesus; but historic Christianity and actual Communism are not like that. If the history of Christianity has taught us anything, it should be that the freedom to be wrong is better, in the long run, than compulsion to be what at the moment is considered right.

I do not know the way out of these present doldrums, but I see no point in walking into a blind alley. We shall have to find our way out by the old human method of trial and error and keeping on trying, leaving the way open for repeal and a fresh start if what seemed truth turns out to be error and we have to try again. This is a laborious and uncertain method, uncongenial to the religious-minded, the tender-minded, who must have the assurance that Lenin (or rather his victims) paid it all. It means thought instead of faith, work instead of submission. What American intellectuals need, in other words, is a little more intellect and a little more guts.

The Irish Censorship, which has been extraordinarily active in protecting Ireland from modern literature, had, up to the end of February prohibited, among others, Sherwood Anderson's "Horses and Men," Vicki Baum's "Grand Hotel," Jean Richard Block's "A Night in Kurdestan," Isadora Duncan's "My Life," William Faulkner's "Soldiers' Pay," Joseph Hergesheimer's "The Party Dress," Aldous Huxley's "Point Counterpoint," Sinclair Lewis's "Elmer Gantry," Somerset Maugham's "Cakes and Ale," Bertrand Russell's "Marriage and Morals," and Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward, Angel."

The University of Iowa's school of letters has opened a new field for graduate study with the admittance of imaginative or critical writing in place of the usual doctorial dissertation, according to an announcement made by Professor Norman Foerster, director of the school. One candidate has already started work under the new plan.

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Books of Special Interest

The Municipal Boss

CITY BOSSES IN THE UNITED STATES. By HAROLD ZINK. Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press. 1931. $4.
Reviewed by CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF

WITHIN the past decade the college professor and the expert in political research have been directing their attention to the political boss, and especially to the city boss. As a consequence we are coming to know something fairly definite about him as an individual and as a leader or marshal of men for political ends. Professor William B. Munro, formerly of Harvard, now of the California Institute of Technology, was the first to cultivate this field, and his "Personality in Politics," although a slight volume, still stands at the head of the list. It is an illuminating generalization based on a long continued study of politics and political conditions and a penetrating insight into human nature and motives. Munro's colleague, Albert Bushnell, has also made some interesting contributions in the same field, his brilliant satirical defense of the boss delivered before the Los Angeles meeting of the National Municipal League and subsequently published in *The Outlook* for October 26, 1912, helps materially in understanding the boss and his methods. Lothrop Stoddard's "Master of Manhattan" is another contribution from what may be termed the literary point of view.

Zink's book is partly a study in sociology (of which he is assistant professor at Depauw University) and partly one of politics. It is more popular in style than Professor Rice's "Quantitative Methods in Politics," but not so scientific in form or spirit.

Twenty municipal bosses are considered, and generally speaking the author has done his work well. Were one disposed to be critical, numerous mistakes could be pointed out, but these were almost inevitable when one considers how little documentated material there is available in this field. The boss, and this is one of the few universal characteristics, is not given to writing letters or articles and is very little given to speech making, so his biographer is forced to depend upon his friends, who are inclined to be over-eulogistic; upon his enemies, who are inclined to be unduly depreciatory; and upon newspapers and magazines, which are inclined to be partisan in their treatment. Notwithstanding these difficulties we have what may be considered a fairly clear and definite portrait of twenty masters of political destinies in the leading cities of America.

Seeking to determine the causes of their success, Professor Zink believes that they have few characteristics in common. Some were jovial, others taciturn, some half way between; some were habitually and naturally generous like Vare, others selfish; others generous to accomplish their ends; some were industrious, others lazy. All entered politics at a very early age and most had been poor or lived among the poor in their youth. Only ten of the eighteen on whom data could be had died millionaires; "Doc" Ames of Minneapolis left $1,413 and "Big Tim" Sullivan of New York died insolvent. Contrary to what one would think at first blush only three were born in Ireland; six were born in New York City; two were born in Philadelphia; ten, however, of the twenty had Irish-born fathers, and nine Irish-born mothers. Rural sections contributed only two of the American-born bosses. A somewhat distinctive feature of the municipal boss's relation to his family may probably have some political importance. A surprisingly large number lost their fathers at early ages and were forced as mere children to assume at least a part of the burden of bread winning. Another important similarity takes the form of long residence in the city dominated. Every one of the twenty bosses considered resided in his particular city by the time he was nineteen, and twelve were born in the city which they later ruled.

When it comes to personal characteristics there is the greatest dissimilarity, both mental and physical. Some dressed flashily, some nattily, and still others shabbily, and so it goes on to the end. This volume is interesting and no doubt will be used by some writer, possibly Zink himself, as the basis of an etched portrait of a boss similar to Professor Hart's or Professor Munro's, but for sometime to come the boss will have to be treated objectively rather than subjectively.

. . . "Another high peak in American autobiography, fit to stand with the Education of Henry Adams."
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The Autobiography of

LINCOLN STEFFENS

GETS THE SEASON'S FINEST REVIEWS

SOSKIN, N. Y. Post — "Rake your reading memory for an American biographical work to equal Lincoln Steffens' in vitality and cultural significance, and you think of nothing until you come to 'The Education of Henry Adams.' For the immediately present day, I think Mr. Steffens' is the more important story, if only for the fact that his vivid personality, his intense humanity and his realistic honesty are sensitively attuned to the convulsive happenings of this new world."

GANNETT, N. Y. Herald-Tribune — "I do not know any other book of the last ten years—not excepting Beard's 'Rise of American Civilization' and Sullivan's 'Our Times' that has more to say about America or says it as well."

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Second printing, 2 vols., 100 ills., $7.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY 383 Madison Avenue, New York City

A War Tragedy

MRS. FISCHER'S WAR. By HENRIETTA LESLIE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. $2.50.
Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON

IN his Foreword John Galsworthy gives this book high praise for its earnest treatment of a theme of uncommon poignancy: the wartime experience of the English wife of a German who has lived long in England without being naturalized. Carl Fischer has left Germany as a boy, in order to escape military service. He is an ardent admirer of England and has made himself over into an Englishman, in speech, manner, and (he supposes) feeling. His son has been bred to the approved public school standard. His wife Janet accepts Carl without reservation as her natural mate, there appears to be not the slightest barrier between them. Carl and his son are singularly close friends, alike in character and sympathies.

A few relics of his German forbears are in Carl's possession, notably a miniature and a diary of his grandmother. It chances that in the summer of 1914 the Fischers plan a walking tour in Germany, all three of them. They mean to visit among other quiet places the little city of Grauenburg where Carl's people had been of some account. The boy John breaks his leg and has to stay at home. The moment of war draws near, and the Fischers' friends try to dissuade them from going to Germany at such a time. But they go. They are happy at first, tramping together in a land where Carl finds himself unexpectedly at home. Their peace cannot last, it is threatened equally by the march of events and by a change that takes place in Carl himself. When the war breaks, they are among the last foreigners to start for home. And now, with a direct choice between England and Germany, Carl finds he must stand by the Fatherland of his people. Chance separates him from Janet without her learning of his choice.

She returns alone to England, not knowing what has become of him, whether he is alive or dead. Later she hears that he is in the German army. Meanwhile their son, John, fiercely English, takes the first chance to lie his way into the service: he is only a schoolboy. When he learns of his father's choice, he turns against him, can think or say nothing good of him. Janet meanwhile is trying to distract herself by taking a part in the war activities, then a duty and a fashion among the women of England. But she finds herself suspected and later rejected as the wife of an "enemy alien." Still later the known fact of her husband's militancy cuts her off entirely from her kind.

There is no happy ending possible for such a tale. John finds his father hopelessly crippled in a French hospital. Janet, who has no patriotism and is naturally, as it were, a one-man woman, becomes his permanent nurse and companion: a sort of contentment creeps back upon these two in their rustic retreat. Carl has not wanted to stay in Germany, after all. He has done his duty by her, now he prefers to return to England, blind and a cripple, to make what may be of his remaining days. John, less seriously disabled, has found a wife and gone off to Canada. The letter "c" has vanished from his name in wartime, and he carries no racial odium to the new land. Such is the tale. Galsworthy lauds it in high terms, is "deeply impressed," pronounces it "human and interesting from page to page; broad, just, tolerant; above all, warm and breathing. It makes you think."

To my ear the present performance is more tract than story; there is nothing in the treatment to lift the action from pathos to tragedy. These people do not breathe, they are merely animated types. Carl's racial reversion is an arbitrary device. John's sudden loathing of his sire is prompted by the author. And Janet herself, supreme victim of all this irony, never becomes more than a sentimental, self-centred, rather feeble object of commiseration. In mood and in style the narrative lacks restraint and finesse. It is all a little forced, overemotional to the point of sultriness—a performance more in the vein of a Robert Keable or an A. S. M. Hutchinson than of a John Galsworthy. I conclude that Mr. Galsworthy, always eager for moralities, was taken by a certain novelty in the theme of this book and read his own workmanship into it. These generous judgments on the part of our best authors attest their kind hearts, but do not precisely help the cause of intelligent criticism. It might be interesting to compile a list of forgotten novels of the past decade which were extravagantly praised by, say, Messrs. Galsworthy, Walpole, and Bennett.

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Books of Special Interest

A Pioneer Book

UNDER THE NORTH POLE. By SIR HUBERT WILKINS, VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON, and others. New York: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by DAINES BARRINGTON

WE have all seen too much in the last few years of the widespread idea that the work of the explorer consists mainly of heroic showmanship with little or no real aim or purpose. The world today may have that idea of Wilkins's own "Nautilus" expedition.

In a sense that unfortunate attitude has been the fault of the explorers themselves. Most of them have been so dominated by their publicity agents that they hid their lights under bushels and gave the public what it is supposed to want. They said plenty about their thrills and little about their real solid achievements, plenty about what they did and how it felt to do it, and little about what sense there was in doing it.

It was with some misgivings, therefore, that I first saw the book under consideration announced to the public as "a novelty in that it is the first time an explorer's story has been published in advance of the exploration concerned." The statement seemed to indicate that Wilkins could not wait until there was a real excuse for breaking into print.

On the contrary, the book is a real novelty because, as far as I know, it represents the first effort of an explorer and his associates to put out, in advance of the exploration concerned, a dignified, thorough, and well substantiated account of what they hope to accomplish, why they hope to accomplish it, and what real need there is for the job to be done.

It is eminently fitting that Stefanssoon should have written the first part of the book. It was he who gave Wilkins the idea of using a submarine. He was the first polar authority to preach the use of submarines to the public, and he had troubles aplenty in getting editors to accept his writings on so fantastic an idea. And the whole plan is feasible only if the real north is Stefansson's north rather than Amundsen's.

The controversy between those two men is well worth reviewing at the present time. To the former the Arctic seems vastly maligned—friendly enough, and usable, calling only for common sense and experience on the part of an explorer who wants to be safe. To the latter it was always dangerous and awe-inspiring, calling for grim, defiant heroics. But while Amundsen went so far, in the Norwegian original of his last book, as to call his antagonist an outright liar, both he and his followers seem to have overlooked the fact that the observations made on his two aerial polar expeditions bore out Stefansson's contentions almost completely. Calm weather, much open water, seals at eighty-eight degrees north latitude—these are the very things the Canadian had for years been talking about as making the Arctic safe, among other things, for submarine travel and for an over-ice retreat led by an experienced commander, in the event of an accident.

But Stefansson is honest enough to voice his grave doubts about Wilkins's ship. In his opinion the "Nautilus" cannot dive deeply enough, the under surface of the ice is probably too rough to allow any inverted sliding along it, and the ship's twin screws are fearfully exposed to possible breakage by the ice. But even if there is an accident, the risk is worth taking, for: "Ten thousand years of the bloody history of mankind have accustomed us to thinking that armies and fleets are well lost if governments are sustained and social principles are maintained. But—we are not all as yet reconciled to proportionate sacrifice in the crusades of peaceful knowledge."

Wilkins, in his section on the plans of the expedition, answers his friend and old mentor in exploration. Granted that the "Nautilus" is not everything he wished for, and that he hopes eventually to get the money with which to build a really suitable ship, he still doesn't entirely agree with Stefansson. He thinks that the latter's fears about the under surface of the ice are exaggerated; and the twin screws, sticking out like two sore thumbs, may in themselves be a factor of safety. For if both of a man's thumbs are sore he is much more careful of them than if they were well and out of mind.

His resumé of his own life as an explorer and adventurer is one of the most amazing autobiographical sketches we have ever seen. In the far corners of the world, on one exploratory adventure after another, he gathered the experience and the knowledge to make him eminently fit to undertake his present venture. His account of the aims and the value of the "Nautilus" expedition, amply upheld by the endorsements of several scientific groups, cannot help but convince the layman of what the specialist has known for years: if Wilkins should fail this year, it will not be very long before either he or somebody else will carry out his plan, and the submarine will be widely looked upon as the ideal tool for Arctic exploration and exploitation.

In another twenty years "Under the North Pole" should be highly valued by collectors as one of those rare "pioneer" books. So should "Mathematicall Magick," a portion of which is reproduced in the Wilkins book. Here is one of those amazing coincidences that would be dismissed as impossible in the realm of fiction but must here be accepted in the realm of fact. It was not Wilkins, or Stefansson, or Simon Lake, or Jules Verne, who was the father of the idea to explore the north by submarine. It was John Wilkins, bishop of Chester, ancestor of Sir Hubert, writing in 1648. He predicts not only the submarine but the exact use to which his descendant is now planning to put it.

Simon Lake, with a historical chapter on the development of the under ice submarine, Sloane Dananhower, with a description of the "Nautilus," Professor Sverdrup with an account of what there is to gain from modern polar studies, go to complete this book that is destined not only to take its place as a valuable historical record but to give real sense and meaning to an outstanding expedition as well.

A Nomad's Autobiography

TURI'S BOOK OF LAPPLAND. By JOHAN TURI. New York: Harper & Bros. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by CLYDE FISHER
American Museum of Natural History

JOHAN TURI was the first Lapp to write a book about his people. He has always felt that the Lapps cannot explain their life and circumstances because "when a Lapp gets into a room his brains go round. . . . They're no good unless the wind's blowing in his nose." Yet with the help of his Danish friend, Mrs. Emily Demant Hatt, he has given us a unique and colorful record of these hardy little nomads who inhabit the northern part of Scandinavia. Mrs. Hatt tells us in her illuminating introduction that "this book has lived in Turi's head for many a long year," but at the time of writing "about fifty years had passed since he was first wrapped in a reindeer-calf skin." In their primitive state the Lapps had no written language, and it was only after he grew up that Turi learned to read and write.

In recognition of his literary work, the Swedish government gave Turi a moderate pension, and Dr. Hjalmar Lundbohm built a comfortable cottage for him on the shore of Torne Träsk, a large lake in northern Lappland. Here Turi, now past seventy, lives the year round, fishing and doing a little writing. In 1924, while on an expedition for the American Museum of Natural History, in company with Carveth Wells I visited him at his home. We found him a fine, likable person, and very hospitable. We stayed to dine with him on dried reindeer meat, smoked with dwarf juniper.

Turi's story is frank, naive, and convincing—unspoiled by civilization. It deals with the origin of the Lapps, their traditions and superstitions, their migrations, reindeer culture, care of children, treatment of various diseases, courting and marriage customs, Lapp songs, and primitive Lapp astronomy. Their legends remind us of those of the American Indian. There is the following little tale about the loon's feet: "When God had made all the birds and had not remembered to give the loon any feet, he said: 'There, you take those gray feet.' But the loon didn't like gray feet, he wanted to have red feet, like the geese, and when he didn't get them he flew off, saying: 'I'm handsome enough in other ways, but I haven't got any feet!' But as he flew away, God threw the feet after him. And that's why the loon's feet are so far behind."

In the chapter about "Lapp doctoring" Turi gives an original and heroic cure for headache: "There is one method of curing a headache—you pull the hair, but you must only take a few hairs on the top of the head, and then you pull them suddenly, so that the skin loosens where it was stuck (to the skull), so that the blood can run in its usual channel." And, "During the Lapp migrations and while they are watching reindeer, it often happens that a woman bears a child, and then there is nothing to do but to tuck it into her tunic and go on till she reaches the tents. . . . And if the woman does not get frozen then she will be well again in a week's time."

In these nervous, over-civilized days, after reading "Turi's Book of Lappland" we feel the fresh winds of the Arctic tundra blowing in our noses, and for the moment wish we might be nomad Lapps following our reindeer on migration. The Lapps live on the same earth as we do, but their life is so different from ours that it might well be on another planet. Yet they are content and pity the civilized man, much as the American Indian does. Hardships met and overcome daily soon lose their terrors and become part of the routine of living. And I feel sure that no Lapp would willingly exchange his harsh circumstances for the luxuries of civilization.

Good Yarns

FOLK TALES OF ALL NATIONS. Edited by F. H. LEE. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1930. $3.

This is a book which is worth its moderate price to anyone who is interested in yarns for their own sake. The publisher's blurb announces it as "a superb collection of stories," whereas it is a tolerably good collection; as "a bumper book of delight for casual reading," whereas it is a fair bet that it will mildly dispel the ennui of idle hours; and as "an invaluable book for libraries, private or public," which is not even remotely true. It has no scientific value as a guide to folk tales, although it might serve to awaken an imaginative interest in this field; it has no significant organization, either as to the levels of culture represented by the various groups of tales or their distribution in time and space, but is content with an awkwardly alphabetical grouping in which "nations" and geographical areas figure undiscriminated; its introductory notes are essentially copyright acknowledgments, and in no sense painstaking or enlightening—indeed, in instances, quite the reverse. As the stories are chosen with an eye to the mind's relaxation, and the pages are readably printed, the volume is well worth its three dollars to all who like yarns with a folk-lore turn to them.

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BENEDETTO CROCE
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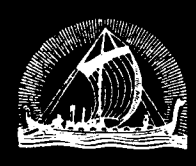
and others



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Points of View

Cool Coolidge

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

If fingers could protrude from the grave, and write words, we should expect them to write such death-chilling sentences as drip from the pen, or icicle, of Calvin Coolidge, and freeze as they drip. Day by day his little pieces (of ice) cool the pages of many newspapers, like stalagmites and stalactites. In view of the various evils that afflict the country, it is almost inconceivable that Mr. Coolidge can write day in and day out, week in and week out, without ever once getting "hot under the collar." There is one prize that no one will ever win —a prize offered to any one who has ever seen a piece by Calvin Coolidge written in a spirit of righteous wrath and indignation. The country would draw a big breath of relief if Coolidge would only burst out once with, "You infernal scoundrel, I'll break every bone in your body!"

I imagine that Mr. Coolidge away inside is not so very much different from other people. My private opinion—being a nobody, I can utter in public my private opinions—is that Mr. Coolidge's unimpassioned style is due to the position that he regards himself as occupying in the public estimation. Having been very much glorified as President, he thinks that any word of his that has not been weighed and measured and freed from all fire and explosive material, will set the country in flames, or blow it up. The people wait upon his words, and look to him as to a teacher, leader, and law-giver. Hence he must be careful, very careful, what he says.

He says: "Much attention, very properly, has been given to the damage from lack of rain." "Very properly": O Mars and Jupiter Tonans!

He laments crime, but his chief concern seems to be that crime costs the country $7,500,000,000 a year (hope I got all the noughts in). Why is it he can't write a piece without mentioning dollars? Is it a "complex"?

Yours very truly,
CHARLES HOOPER.

Cœur d'Alene, Idaho.

John Bunyan?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In the issue of the *Review* for January 31, I find the query of Mr. J. M. Matthews in regard to the quotation, as given by him, "There, but for the grace of God, go I."

For many years the quotation has lingered in my memory as from John Bunyan who, looking from the window, saw a drunken man, and said "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bunyan."

Will you kindly let the *Review* tell us which, if either, is correct?

M. E. TORRENCE.

Washington, D. C.

As to Osteopathy

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I realize that there are many kinds of book reviews. Some reviewers write about the books, some write about the authors, some write in general about the subject, some just write.

Why must Bernard Sachs, M.D. (*Saturday Review of Literature,* April 25, 1931, p. 771), drag into his review of "Body, Mind, and Spirit" the wholly irrelevant statement that "the medical profession is set against the unwarranted and almost absurd claims of osteopaths"?

The pages of the *Saturday Review of Literature* are not the place to drag in a battle of words about systems of therapy. However, since the thing has begun, let us ask what are the "almost absurd claims of osteopathy" and how absurd are they? The doctor will agree with us as to the importance of proper diet, clothing, working conditions, rest, mental attitudes, hygienic and sanitary conditions. He will agree that age, sex, and climate play their part. What he objects to is that, giving due consideration to these things, we claim that the living body has within it the power to maintain its own health so long as it is mechanically in right adjustment.

I have just been reading the address of Dr. Robert D. Osgood, Professor of Orthopedic Surgery in the Harvard University Medical School and one of the best known physicians in the world, which he made before the committee on orthopedics and body mechanics of President Hoover's Conference on Child Health and Protection on February 19. He said that body mechanics "may be defined as the mechanical correlation of the various systems of the body with special reference to the skeletal, muscular, and visceral systems." It is a more inclusive and more descriptive term than "posture," he said.

Dr. Osgood talked at considerable length, showing that the committee had found over and over again that poor functional health had changed to good when there was a change from poor to good body mechanics, "especially in those instances in which there have appeared to be no other factors which could fairly have been held responsible."

Body mechanics form one of the chief foundations of osteopathic therapy. Is Dr. Sachs correct then in saying that "the medical profession is set against" such things? It is to be feared that he is, for Dr. Osgood showed that "the average general practitioner has been insufficiently informed and is consequently not vitally interested in the details of body mechanics."

His committee had sent a thousand questionnaires to a selected group of doctors specializing in diseases of children. When these doctors were asked about examining their patients for poor body mechanics in relation to poor health and also instructing such patients, "about sixty per cent answered that they did not feel personally able to give such instruction." Not only that, but "twelve per cent (120 out of 1000) replied that there was no one in their community whom they considered capable of giving the desired instruction." As to the importance of such instruction, 40 per cent believe it of "considerable" and 55 per cent of "a great deal" of importance.

There are many of your readers who recognize the fact stated by Dr. Sachs that "the medical profession is set against" the truths of osteopathy, but that is no credit to the profession—nor has it any place in this book review.

RAY G. HULBURT, D.O.

Chicago.

Wordsworth's Sonnet

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

There is an interesting anticipation of images and phrases of "Scorn not the Sonnet" in an eighteenth century poem, "Epistles," by Michael Wodhull (1710-1816). This poet mentions the lyre of "Sulmo's gentle bard" and adds (Book I, Epistle 1, 64-5, "Poems," 1804, p. 158):

Though Milton's trumpet loud and clear
Oft vibrates on the raptur'd ear,
Gentler accompaniments sound,
Nor is the lute of Waller lost,
In his superior magic drown'd.

A few lines farther on he writes:

Great Milton stemn'd with noble rage
The torrent of a barbarous age;
And at his close of Life, when Time
Had damp'd the fire of Poesy.

Echoes of the lines on Spenser also occur (Book I, Epistle vii, 203-6, 158):

Full many are the paths which lead
Thro' Life's perplexing wilderness;
The creeping bramble, noisome weed,
Here darken an uncultur'd scene.

And lines 219-20 (p. 159) where the pilgrim

. . . cheerfully pursues his way
O'er rugged hills and shelving dales.

Also (Book I, Epistle ii, 37-38, p. 178):

As one bewilder'd in profoundest night,
Who faintly kens some vapour's dancing light,
At random led.

Woodhull (a well-known book collector and the first translator into English of the works of Euripides) issued his poems in 1772, 1798, and 1804, so it is not impossible that Wordsworth may have seen and unconsciously incorporated these phrases when he composed his sonnet on the sonnet.

MARION H. ADDINGTON.

The American Tagore Association, of which Mr. William H. Woodin, of 30 Church Street, New York, is president, has been formed for the purpose of extending coöperation to Dr. Tagore in his educational work. The poet and educator was seventy years old on May 8th, and has composed a "birthday message" to America which the association is distributing.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

MARTIN LEWIS. Rudge. $2.

CATALOGUE OF DRAMATIC PORTRAITS. By *Lillian Arvilla Hall.* Harvard University Press.

Belles Lettres

THE NATURE OF POETIC LITERATURE. By *Louis Peter de Vries.* University of Washington Press.

LEO TOLSTOY AND HIS WORKS. By *Aylmer Maude.* Oxford University Press. $1.50.

VITTORIO ALFIERI. By *Gaudence Megaro.* Columbia University Press. $3.

SHAKESPEARE, CHAPMAN, AND SIR THOMAS MORE. By *Arthur Acheson.* New York: Edmond Byrne Hackett.

IMAGISM AND THE IMAGISTS. By *Glenn Hughes.* Stanford University Press. $4.

Biography

MOTHERS OF FAMOUS MEN. By *Archer Wallace.* Richard R. Smith. $1.

JAMES RUMSEY. By *Ella May Turner.* Scottdale, Pa.: Mennonite Publishing Co.

WILLIAM CHARLES BRAITHWAITE. By *Anna Ll. B. Thomas* and *Elizabeth B. Emmott.* Longmans, Green.

JOHN C. FRÉMONT AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY. By *Ruhl Jacob Bartlett.* Ohio State University.

THE RAIN GIRL. By *Edward Doherty.* Macrae-Smith. $2.50.

OUR AMERICAN HUMANISTS. By *Thomas L. Mason.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS. By *Henry Adams.* Modern Library. 95 cents.

LOCKHART'S LITERARY CRITICISM. By *M. Clive Hildyard.* Oxford: Blackwell.

THOMAS PELHAM HOLLES. By *S. H. Nelle.* University of Pennsylvania Press. $2.50.

THE PAPERS OF THE BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF AMERICA. University of Chicago Press. $4.

JOURNAL OF CHEVALIER DE BAUGY. Rochester Historical Society.

Fiction

FAMILY CIRCLE. By INEZ HAYNES IRWIN. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 1931. $2.50.

Mrs. Irwin draws back the curtain thirty years for the first section of her "Family Circle." Winter in New England! Surely all non-New Englanders must always be envious of the flavor and the atmosphere that permeate the phrase. To foreigners reading of the New England scene there must be something of the sensuous actuality that we find in the France of Balzac, the London of Dickens.

For the safe, homely quality of New England Mrs. Irwin has a creative touch. Warm interiors with the smell of pleasant food stealing through the house; the comfort of a dog and cat near the fire, the expectancy of home-coming wandering members of the family—these things are as real on the page as they were in the high-ceilinged rooms thirty years ago, half a century ago. And when the sons and daughters of these houses go a little way afield, walking across snowy meadows or along dusty wild-flowered paths, Mrs. Irwin and the reader go with them sensing as surely as they the sights and sounds, the thousand and one little by-products of delight. Further afield Mrs. Irwin does not go. The austere aloofness, the uncompromising threat of these same scenes, lie outside her interest. New England as home, breeding at times strange restless creatures but offering them rest and succor in the end—this is Mrs. Irwin's New England.

The breath of life which she breathes so effectively into the past is less electric in vivifying the present. The nephew and niece indulging in "dope" in a New York dive lack the reality of their uncles and aunts snowbound in New England. The second scene of sisterly sacrifice rings less true than the first more subtle abnegation thirty years before. The buying of the unprincipled gigolo is not convincing. We do live in a tinsel time, and such things do happen, but Mrs. Irwin fails to persuade us that they have happened to her characters.

THE SAME PERSON. By ANNA ROBESON BURR. Duffield. 1931. $2.50.

This is a vivid and memorable portrayal of a smug, mid-Victorian family, and of that phase of the Great War which produced Edith Cavell. It is a strange story in which the heroine is not loved by the man she marries in early life nor the one who in later years causes her death. It would seem as if two characters were left out, for beside the lack of a hero, there is no one who leaves a smile with the reader. It is a serious book, almost a solemn book.

Lila Stanward, young, lovely, and sensitive, is censured by a large group of clannish, selfishly proud relatives because she divorces a profligate husband. Her quest for peace and happiness leads her to a village in Maine where she buys a lovely old place called Bayberry House. Here she finds the strange experience and bitter betrayal which breaks her heart and sends her to Europe to give service in the war.

An outstanding picture of a little known branch of war work is drawn with authoritative exactness and precision of details. There is no question as to the author having had first-hand knowledge of the places and phases of which she writes.

There is an interestingly ironical ending in which the man who caused Lila Stanward to go away and into the war, writes a sonnet which is read at her memorial service. That she went to a shocking death quite happily, is one of the high lights in an unusual story of life and love and war.

SAMSON AND DELILAH. By FELIX SALTEN. Simon & Schuster. 1931. $2.50.

This Viennese version of the Biblical folk-tale is hardly an improvement on the original. Felix Salten, having very successfully shown beasts acting like men, here attempts, for a change, to show men acting like beasts. That ought to be easier, one would think, but Salten has staged his effort most unfortunately. The brutal, modern realistic style wars hopelessly with the traditional material. Samson's miraculous feats of strength recounted in this manner are monotonously incredible. Samson himself is incredible: at times a half-human giant, brutal and lustful, anon a patriotic William Tell, then for a little while a religious mystic, and then, more convincingly, a Viennese cocher in a bagnio. Delilah is transmogrified into a sentimental Marguerite who betrays her lover unintentionally and dies clinging to his momentarily romantic breast beneath the falling towers of Gaza. Seldom has a writer of real distinction failed so completely. It is pleasant to note that in his next work, it is announced, Salten will return to his animal animals and leave the human beast alone.

THE HEART OF JACQUELINE. By *Margaret Peterson.* Sears. $2.

THE NIGHT IS LONG. By *William R. Lipman.* Washburn. $2.

CATTLE CAR EXPRESS. By *Emil Lengyel.* Ralph Seaver Strassburger Foundation. $2.50.

THE PREMEDITATED VIRGIN. By *Nalbre Bartby.* Farrar & Rinehart. $2 net.

END OF HEEL. By *Courtney Ryley Cooper.* Farrar & Rinehart. $2 net.

LADY FOR LOVE. By *Alan Brener Schultz.* Liveright. $2.

SOB SISTER. By *Mildred Gilman.* Cape-Smith. $2.

BLONDE BABY. By *Willson Collison.* McBride. $2 net.

DAMNED LITTLE FOOL. By *Cosmo Hamilton.* Brewer & Warren.

LES LITANIES DE LA VIERGE. By *Armand Godoy.* Paris: Messein.

THE PEGASUS BOOK. Edited by *Major W. E. Lion.* Richard R. Smith. $7.50.

RARE EARTH. By *Frank Owen.* Lantern Press. $2.

THE DOCTOR OF LONESOME RIVER. By *Edison Marshall.* Cosmopolitan. $2.

WHERE DEMOCRACY TRIUMPHS. By *F. Paul Miceli.* New London, Conn.: Miceli.

THE FOUR-FLUSHER. By *Elizabeth Jordan.* Century. $2.

WHAT GREATER DELIGHT. By *Dulcie L. Smith.* Knopf. $2.50.

PERSONAL MAID. By *Grace Perkins.* Covici-Friede. $2.

IMPATIENT VIRGIN. By *Donald Henderson Clarke.* Vanguard. $2.

THE DECAMERON. By *Giovanni Bocaccio.* Modern Library. 95 cents.

LORD JIM. By *Joseph Conrad.* Modern Library. 95 cents.

CARNIVAL GIRL. By *Jane Littell.* Dial Press. $2.

History

GEORGIAN ENGLAND. By A. E. RICHARDSON. Scribner's. 1931. $6.

Richardson's book, "Georgian England," gives an intimate picture of everyday life, work, and the arts in England from 1700 to 1820. During this period, a small island kingdom, with a few scattered colonies, grew into a vast empire. Much scientific exploration took place, while the agricultural aspect of England gradually gave way to the rise of industrialism. Urban life developed with rapidity, which was eventually to attract the rural population into the new centres of commercial activity. The growth of the manufacturing towns afforded considerable employment to the working classes, but "pay was by no means proportionate to the cost of living," caused

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Life of the Empress Eugénie
by R. E. Sencourt
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The New Books

History

(*Continued from previous page*)

largely by the protracted Napoleonic wars and its inevitable abnormal taxation. The middle classes profited enormously by the increase of national wealth, and by the end of the century the Upper House included "among its numbers members of the merchant and middle classes, lesser landowners, bankers, lawyers, admirals, generals, and so on." As Mr. Richardson puts it, "A hundred years had, then, produced, practically unnoticed, an almost complete transformation in manners, ideas, and economic organization in England."

The spread of culture among the privileged classes fostered the rise of such architects as Gibbs, Hawksmoor, and Kent, and writers such as Pope, Fielding, Addison, Defoe, Swift, and Johnson. Then it was that the golden age of painting began in England with Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and Lawrence, while the decorative arts flourished under Adam, Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, and others. This was the period of Gay's "Beggar's Opera," followed by Sheridan's Comedies, when Garrick, Peg Woffington, and Mrs. Siddons were on the stage.

Mr. Richardson has compiled an account of the daily life of England of these times. It is fully illustrated with engravings, prints, and photographs, and should serve as a good book for anyone interested in this extraordinary period, as well as a valuable book of reference.

GERMANY AND THE DIPLOMATIC REVOLUTION. By *Oron James Hale*. University of Pennsylvania Press.

THE END OF THE ANCIENT WORLD. By *Ferdinand Lot*. Translated by *Philip* and *Mariette Leon*. Knopf. $5.

THE HOLY LAND UNDER MANDATE. By *Fannie Fern Andrews*. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. $10.

THE MARTIAL SPIRIT. By *Walter Millis*. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

Books Briefly Described

THE CIVILIZATION OF THE EAST, THE NEAR AND MIDDLE EAST. By RENÉ GROUSSET. New York: Knopf. 1931.

This is the first volume of a series on the arts of the East. Its text is not too technical for general reading, and the book is elaborately illustrated with a large number of plates of paintings, manuscripts, porcelain, tiles, and architectural monuments.

THE DREYFUS AFFAIR. By JAQUES KAYSER. New York: Covici Friede. 1931. $5.

We are far enough now from the Dreyfus affair for a full discussion, bringing in not only the new information but also the historical interpretation of the whole disastrous incident which is as important as the narrative of the event itself. This book, translated from the French, is a comprehensive study.

LIGHT-HORSE HARRY LEE. By THOMAS BOYD. New York: Scribner's. 1931. $3.50.

A biography, written by the well-known writer of war books, of the Revolutionary general and his erratic career, with chapters devoted to unfortunate happenings of his later life. Bibliography and index are included.

PIGBOATS. By COMMANDER EDWARD ELLSBERG. New York: Dodd, Mead. 1931. $2.

An extremely interesting book descriptive of the ingenious method of fighting submarines developed by means of the so-called pigboats, and written as a novel with a narrative of rivalry, adventure, and surprise.

THE EMPEROR KARL. By ARTHUR PALZER-HODITZ. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $5.

A full-length biography of the last Austrian Emperor based upon research, elaborately documented, and enriched by historical appendices. This is an authoritative study of the final tragedy of the House of Hapsburg.

ADVENTURES OF GIUSSEPE PIGNATA. Translated by ARTHUR SYMONS. New York: Sears Publishing Co. 1931. $3.50.

A story of a Roman noble of the seventeenth century who was imprisoned for life by the Inquisition, described as a literary curiosity. It is a vivid and interesting story. A special edition of 500 copies has been autographed by Mr. Symons.

THE MATCHLESS ORINDA. By PHILIP W. SOUERS. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1931. $3.50.

A biography and critical study of Mrs. Katharine Philips, the famous bluestocking of the Commonwealth and Restoration Period, and the first woman in England to gain the reputation of poetess. This book is a scholarly production in which the Orinda is set against the background of her period. "It contains all the important episodes in the 'Letters from Orinda to Pilarchus'; a collection of letters now extremely rare."

THE NEGROES OF AFRICA. By MAURICE DELAFOSSE. Washington: The Associated Publishers, Inc. 1931. $3.15.

This is a French book by a former governor, and serves as a useful historical survey and classification of the various Negro peoples, with bibliographical references.

THE EDUCATION OF A WHOLE MAN. By L. P. JACKS. New York: Harpers. 1931. $1.75.

"This book is a sequel to 'The Inner Sentinel' which presents a background here connected with the practice of education." This is another volume in the important commentary on contemporary life which Dr. Jacks has been building up through a long series of essays.

FRENCH NOVELISTS FROM THE REVOLUTION TO PROUST. By FREDERICK C. GREEN. New York: Appleton. 1931.

This book is a continuation of a previous volume called "French Novelists, Manners and Ideas: From the Renaissance to the Revolution," which was much praised.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. By DOROTHY M. STUART. New York: Macmillan. 1931.

This last addition to the English Men of Letters series is valuable because the standard life of Christina was written soon after her death, and much material has been collected since.

MR. JUSTICE HOLMES. Edited by FELIX FRANKFURTER. New York: Coward-McCann. 1931.

A collection of tributes to Mr. Justice Holmes written by such diverse personalities as Judge Cardozo, John Dewey, Harold J. Laski, and Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant. The book is published on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday.

GEOLOGIC HISTORY OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY. By FRANÇOIS E. MATTHES. Washington: United States Government Printing Office. 1931.

A geologic history of the Yosemite Valley illustrated with numerous photographs and extremely useful maps.

NEWEST EUROPE. By MARTIN MACLAUGHLIN. New York: Longmans, Green. 1931. $2.40.

A brief and useful survey of the present status, political, economic, and social of the European countries.

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE first mention we ever remember seeing of Sidney Godolphin was in a poem by the late Louise Imogen Guiney, though we do not find the poem in her lyrics collected under the title *Happy Ending*, and last published in 1927. But in John Drinkwater's preface to *The Poems of Sidney Godolphin*, now beautifully presented in the Tudor & Stuart Library initiated at Oxford, he speaks of Professor Saintsbury's having included Godolphin in the second volume of *Minor Poets of the Caroline Period*, published in 1906. He adds that before 1906 Godolphin had hardly been discovered at all. Miss Guiney, if we remember correctly, spoke of Godolphin as "the poet Cavalier," and the following verse, from her lines "Wrote in my Lord Clarendon his History of the Rebellion," may certainly be applied to the Royalist country gentleman who fell fighting for his King in 1643:

How life hath cheapen'd, and how blank
The Worlde is! like a fen
Where long ago unstainèd sank
The starrie gentlemen:
Since Marston Moor and Newbury drank
King Charles his gentlemen.

Indeed Clarendon's own estimate of Godolphin is mentioned by Mr. Drinkwater as making it particularly meet that this volume of his poems should be issued, as it is, by the Clarendon Press.

Mr. Drinkwater notes three particular characteristics of Godolphin the man, "his very diminutive stature, his popularity among wits and poets, and his courage." Without quoting Godolphin's famous tribute to Ben Jonson, allow us to present in modernized spelling the following lines, to which Mr. Drinkwater calls our attention with the remark that the poem "very nearly fulfils throughout more than twenty lines the promise of a superb opening; an unusual feat for Godolphin."

No more unto my thoughts appear,
at least appear less fair!
For crazy tempers justly fear
the goodness of the air;

Whilst your pure image hath a place
in my impurer mind,
Your very shadow is the glass
where my defects I find.

Shall I not fly that brighter light
which makes my fires look pale
And put that virtue out of sight
which makes mine none at all?

No, no, your picture doth impart
such value I not wish
The native worth to any heart
that's unadorned with this.

Though poorer in desert I make
myself whilst I admire
The fuel which from hope I take
I give to my desire.

If this flame lighted from your eyes
the subject do calcine
A heart may be your sacrifice
too weak to be your shrine

—which, indeed, we like passing well as a poem of gallantry!

An informal anthology which came to us around the beginning of the year, with the compliments of the season, from William A. Drake, the well-known translator and adapter of plays, is entitled *Remembered Cadences*, and contains some most graceful translations of certain poems by Mallarmé, Verlaine, de Banville, Baudelaire, Pushkin, Sappho, Catullus, Heine, and others. The pamphlet is copyright by the Golden Drake Press, at 106 Seventh Avenue, this city.

Hidden Flame, printed by the Half Moon Press at Stanford University, California, is the first book of verse, apparently, from a native-born Japanese, since Yoni Naguchi. For it Yvor Winters, the well-known poet and critic, has written an introduction. The author of the book is Bunichi Kagawa, who, Mr. Winters tells us, is "a Japanese immigrant to California, now in his mid-twenties, fairly well known to the literary members at least of the large Japanese population on the Pacific Coast." Mr. Kagawa writes in English as well as in Japanese. Mr. Winters speaks of his work as being neither in the English or in the Japanese tradition. Certainly it is interesting, nevertheless. Led thereto by a remark of Mr. Winters we shall quote here "Winter Mood," one of the best poems in the volume:

The clumsy tears that flow out
Flow in again to be quickly frozen
Within your eyes as you stand
Pinned to the frosty ruin of circumstance;

And your flesh is unannounced as a shadow
Grown from the ground
Here where the bleak simplicity
Of dead branches on branches forks
The cold gray thought of day;

Is a shadowy stack utterly left
By leaves and grass that carried
The color of earth winterward, winterward—

Pitched against Time, O hope, O brain,
Be dark! be somehow darkly small, and dense
As an argument locked upon the tongue of fire!

The Oxford University Press gives us *Verses*, by Elizabeth Daryush, the daughter of Robert Bridges, the late Poet Laureate of England. This is a little book of delicate workmanship in a great tradition. Its contents are well indicated by these verses from the first italicized poem:

Say, what are those shrunken
threads, curled and confused?
"This worn warp is the one
my forefathers used."

And what those rich colours?
"From my human heart
The life-blood ever pours,—
yea, mine is this part."

Innocence and nobility go hand in hand in these poems, though we cannot feel that they are of great distinction.

Winter Garden, by Richard Ely Morse, reaches us from the Poetry Society of Amherst College, and is dedicated to David Morton. Such a poem as "Down in the Orchard," and the sonnet on Maxwell Bodenheim, show a firmer structure and a greater certainty of touch than most of the others. In one section there are a few echoes caught from Elinor Wylie's flute of silver. Here and there throughout the book the mood of winter is wholly snared, but in general all we can accord this volume is promise. Mr. Morse is rather on the road to technical accomplishment than, at present, at the goal.

A book we have been wanting to speak about for some time is *Selected Poems* of the late Thomas Walsh, which Lincoln MacVeagh brought out around the first of the year in an unusually handsome format. Walsh, whom we knew well both before and during his assistant editorship of the *Commonweal*, was a person of extraordinary charm and an authentic poet. As John Bunker points out in his Introductory Memoir, Walsh essayed practically every form of verse—lyrics, dramatic monologues and narrative, achieving his greatest success in the last two forms. Indeed, as a recreator of medieval Spanish legends and scenes, Walsh blocked out for himself a unique position in modern English verse. Spain was Walsh's chief passion, and many of his pieces about Spain positively glitter and flash with the romantic lights of that romantic country.

Tom Walsh had accumulated a large store of historical and philosophical erudition in the course of a life-time of extensive study and world-wide travel, but this did not make him top-heavy, and as a general rule he was able to handle and transform his material with the light touch of the artist rather than weight it with the customary ponderosity of the professional scholar. This trait is particularly notable in his series of dramatic monologues on the Spanish masters, Greco, Goya, Murillo and Velasquez, and also in the longer narrative poems dealing with medieval or later periods, such as "Don Folquet" and "Fra Egidio." Altogether, the Selected Poems of Thomas Walsh represents the life-work of a singularly devoted and able craftsman in verse and will prove delightful reading for those poetry-lovers not too exclusively enamored of the modern mode.

MARSE LEE. By EDNA DAVIS ROMIG. Number 94. Series of Contemporary Poets. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Company.

This poem is in blank verse, and the intention is laudable. As a portrait of Robert E. Lee, however, it cannot be said to be masterly, and it seems to us quite pedestrian in treatment, as well as of a solemn seriousness that cannot coexist with really vivid portraiture.

TSCEMINICUM. Snake River People. By DONALD BURNIE. Published by Harold C. Merriam, Missoula, Montana.

The site of Lewiston, Idaho, was known as Tsceminicum. Lewiston lies at the junction of the Snake and Clearwater Rivers. Mr. Burnie has compiled a sort of Spoon River of pioneer Snake River people. He has some interesting things to say, but we wish he had invented his own manner of presentation.

THE RIDGE ROAD. By JAY G. SIGMUND. Cedar Rapids, Iowa: The Prairie Publishing Co. $2.50.

It is not our province to criticize the six stories in this volume, but the fifteen poems are sincere indigenous work, bearing the stamp of authentic observation.

THE TRACING OF A PORTAL. By LINDLEY WILLIAMS HUBBELL. New Haven: Yale University Press.

This small sheaf of sombre musings is not without a certain accomplishment of design.

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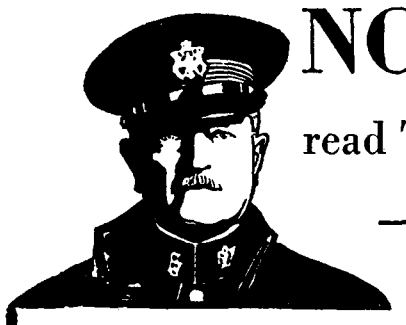

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The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

FOUR young ladies in Beaver Dam, Wis., in a request for books under two hundred pages in length, to be read aloud when they meet for this purpose every week.

THIS length, at which booksellers have been known to look askance, gives one a range among the higher reaches of American literature. Not to go as far back as Hawthorne or Irving, it is the space within which Edith Wharton's genius moves most freely; besides her admitted masterpiece, "Ethan Frome" (Scribner), there are the novelettes included in "Old New York" (Appleton), second only to this in distinction. The same publisher has lately brought out "Old New Orleans," by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Larocque Tinker, in the same four-volume arrangement, with Pennell's well-known drawings as frontispieces; these are little romances of Creole life in the 'sixties, carpet-baggers in the 'seventies, poverty in the 'eighties, and Mardi Gras in the 'nineties. This size permits us Thornton Wilder's "Woman of Andros" (Boni), and Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett" (Appleton) can't be much larger; neither, I am sure, is Katherine Fullerton Gerould's "Conquistador" (Scribner). Novels like this come back readily to mind, novels whose span is that of a tight rope calling for swift, delicate, and sure-footed writing; the one I remember best from last year is Jean Kenyon Mackenzie's "The Trader's Wife" (Coward), a work of such pure and flawless beauty both of spirit and technique that it should be in all our permanent collections. If we are to keep within the books of the year, we yet have admirable material. I have counted the pages of Robert Nathan's "The Orchid" (Bobbs-Merrill), and they come to 199; it is an idyl of Spring in the city, light and gay enough to carry such understanding of the tragic business of living as might bog down many a bigger book. "The Weigher of Souls," by André Maurois (Appleton), I suggest also to *G. S., New York, who asked me for novels of pseudo-science*; it is the best of this type that I have read with the exception of "The Imitation Man," by John Hargrave (Gollancz), which is not yet published in this country. The friend who sent me Mr. Hargrave's novel endorsed it as "a book that proves, by a method known to Euclid, the existence of the human soul"; it is a frisky, satirical story of a *homunculus*. M. Maurois has dared even more greatly, and undertaken through a story of extraordinary plausibility, no less weighty a matter than the possibility of physical demonstration of immortality.

Certain long short stories adapt themselves well to this treatment: better choose for reading aloud those distinguished for literary quality, as stories notable mainly for plot-interest can as well be enjoyed alone and in quiet. Osbert Sitwell's new volume, "Dumb Animal" (Lippincott) is such a collection; I see that one of these, "Happy Ending," has just brought about the suppression of the book in England and the fining of the author, as somebody thought it was like her and English libel laws have teeth. Galsworthy's "On Forsyte 'Change" (Scribner) is full of reading-aloud material complete at one sitting.

On the chance that this group may continue to function through very hot weather, here are three light, improbable, and amusing novels not long and concerned with pleasant young women, any of which might speed an afternoon. "Rowena Rides the Rumble," by Ethel Huest (Bobbs), is a quite impossible but convincing account of a transcontinental motor tour involving a wedding. "Taxi," by Alice Duer Miller (Dodd), is made up of long short stories running rapidly. "The Secret Year," by Pauline Warwick (Dial), concerns a rich girl who must work for a year as a poor one to earn a legacy. People so often ask me for "light and pleasant" tales that I fancy these will be welcome.

M. M. M., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks for books about Provence, in preparation for a summer there.

THERE is scarcely a part of France about which better books have been made easily accessible in English. To make one determined some time to go there, read Archibald Marshall's classic of the road, "A Spring Walk in Provence" (Dodd); to take along as a sort of guidebook and companion, E. I. Robson's "A Wayfarer in Provence" (Houghton); as a storehouse of legend, history and everything you want to know, the two volumes of T. A. Cook's "Old Provence" (Scribner), for more than twenty years a standard work. There is a recent addition to the excellent and inexpensive "Things Seen" series, Richardson's "Things Seen in Provence" (Dutton); A. M. Peck's inspiring "Vagabond's Provence" (Dodd) and Eleanor Elsner's "Romantic France" (Ryerson) came out not so long ago, while Hallays's "Spell of Provence" (Page) and the large and well-illustrated "Land of the Rhone" by H. Quigley (Houghton) are still in general use. All these have good pictures, several have a good many.

E. M. W., Evanston, Ill., asks for a list of recent books presenting what might be called the American standard of living, such as "Middletown."

I ASKED the Economics Division of the New York Public Library to make this a comprehensive list, and here it is. "Our Business Civilization: some aspects of American culture," by J. T. Adams (Boni). "The Re-discovery of America," by Waldo Frank (Scribner), called an introduction to a philosophy of American life. "Rural and Urban Living Standards in Virginia," by Wilson Gee and W. H. Stauffer (University of Virginia). "The American Standard of Living and World Co-operation," by Rosalie Jones (Cornhill). "The Farmer's Standard of Living," by E. L. Kirkpatrick (Century). "How America Lives," a handbook of industrial facts," by H. W. Laidler (League for Industrial Democracy). "Middletown," by R. S. and H. M. Lynd (Harcourt). "Social and Economic Standards of Living," by Mrs. T. S. McMahon (Heath). "The Economic Status of the Wage Earner in New York and Other States," published by the National Industrial Conference Board, New York. "Getting and Spending at the Professional Standard of Living," by J. B. Peixotto (Macmillan). All these are quite recent, an important matter when costs of living are to be considered.

R. L. I., New York, asks me to choose a group of adventurous biographies.

IF they are to be recent adventures, "The White King of La Gonave," by Faustin Wirkus and Taney Dudley (Doubleday) is the wild true story of the American marine corps sergeant who was crowned king by primitive Negroes on a tropic island as the reincarnation of Faustin the First, emperor of La Gonave. Another thriller is the story of Lee Christmas, told by Hermann B. Deutsch in "The Incredible Yanqui" (Longmans), a saga of the most famous of all gringo soldiers of fortune in Central America. It makes Trader Horn look a trifle pallid. If the adventures are to be historical, there is "Stout Cortez," by Henry Morton Robinson (Century), a rushing robust account of a life whose habit seemed to be continually to get into "a danger from which there is no escape but courage." The story of the "conversion" of Mexico is breath-stopping. "Cadillac," by Agnes Laut (Bobbs), is the only biography of a man to whom we owe more than motor advertisements; it is quite true that each chapter of this story of the founder of Detroit might be the material of a novel. A strange and strangely moving life-story is that of Roger Casement, told in Denis Gwynn's "Traitor or Patriot?" (Cape), where one is told that it was said of him at his trial that "if this dark lean man with a pointed beard had come out in an Elizabethan ruff and padded doublet one would hardly have been surprised." But I question whether the Elizabethans used in their spiritual make-up the driving, burning pity for injustice and pain and the under-dog in general that marks not only Casement but a group of elderly but not aging Elizabethan gentlemen of the present day in England. The adventures of the great dirigible constructor were of a different sort, but Margaret Goldsmith's biography, "Zeppelin" (Morrow), is an absorbing story of human determination. If fashionable adventure with a peppering of politics and a touch of decadence will do, try Maristan Chapman's life of the Duc de Morny and study of the curiously fascinating time of which he was an ornament, "Imperial Brother" (Viking). Finally, as the life of a religious may hold adventures in the wilderness, there is Agnes Repplier's "Mère Marie of the Ursulines" (Doubleday), which tells not only her experiences and the story of her order, but has some fine Indian bits, such as the legend of the dark lake of Teungtoo crowded with powerful skeletons *always swimming*.

C. E., New York, needs a story lending itself to dramatization for puppets and dealing in some way with textiles; not historical but if possible a folk or fairy tale.

HOW about the story in Grimm of the lazy girl who was set to spin a roomful of flax before night, and a goblin came and helped her—and then she didn't pay him after all, as I recall it. In Rachel Field's charming little volume of "Patchwork Plays" (Doubleday), which would go as well for puppets as for children, there is one in which a patchwork dress figures; surely this would do. There is a new and good puppet play in the volume of "Yale Plays" recently published by Samuel French, but it has nothing to do with textiles. Perhaps someone else knows another good story for this inquirer.

F. B. W. asks for a list of Sinclair Lewis's early books in order. "Our Mr. Wrenn" (1914), "The Trail of the Hawk," "The Job" (which in spite of the subsequent appearance of Norris's "Bread" remains to my mind the best novel about an American woman working in the world of the office), and "The Innocents," were published originally by Harper and taken over later by Harcourt. "The Job" is still available in the Grosset edition; the others are out of print. Then came "Free Air" (Harcourt), now out of print; "Main Street" (Harcourt, 1920) "Babbitt," "Arrowsmith," "Elmer Gantry," and "Dodsworth" have just been reissued by Harcourt in the Nobel Prize Edition. "Mantrap." originally published by Harcourt in 1926, is now available only in the Grosset edition; the sketch, "The Man Who Knew Coolidge" (Harcourt), appeared in 1928. A useful book for looking up matters like this is "Contemporary American Literature" (Harcourt), a compilation of bibliographies and study outlines by Manly and Rickert, revised by Fred B. Millett. There is a new book about present-day writers that will be useful to librarians, club program makers, and newspaper men: "Living Authors," by "Dilly Tante" (Wilson Co.), four hundred brief biographies of contemporary writers from all over the world.

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From Day to Day

By FERDYNAND GOETEL

Introduction by JOHN GALSWORTHY

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WALT WHITMAN'S "SALUT AU MONDE," and BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S "THE WAY TO WEALTH," being the first and second issues in *The New Fine Books Series*, designed by VOJTECH PREISSIG. Printed at the State Printing-Office in Prague. New York: Random House. 1931. $7.50 per volume.

"ART," says one of our Canons, "is what I like." And another counsellor never tires of reminding me that art may be either *good* or *bad*. Such typographic extravaganzas as these books of Preissig's need definition. For it may be said at once that as books they do not qualify by any of the accepted rules save those of folded paper bound in covers. They are not readable, not holdable.

What then are they? They seem to me excursions in typography; essays in bizarre type arrangements; rebellion of the same sort as E. E. Cumming's quaint use of the alphabet. The designer has made a type which he thinks looks well on a double-pica body—about four times the size of good readable type—and so he lays out a book to hold the type. The type is tricky in design, quite completely normal in form, but drawn with curious flattening of what should be curves; easy enough to read so far as visibility goes, but shouting for attention all the time.

Then, to make oddity supreme, he has chopped up the original sentence structure of Franklin's prose into what is to me utterly meaningless patterns and indentions: Walt Whitman's "barbaric yawp" needs no more chopping! And as if this were not enough, the size of the books is monstrous —11½ by 15½ inches, and slightly more than a quarter-inch in thickness.

Where these two "books" succeed is in their illustrations: that is, in the conventional portions. Not that the pictures are either dull or traditional; they are vigorous and interesting—and they might have fittingly adorned a more conventional printing. The presswork and paper are above reproach, the color being sharp and clean, and the paper attractive. But as books they are typographical aberrations.

R.

On Gardening

ON MODERN GARDENING. An Essay by HORACE WALPOLE. With Preface and Bibliographical Note by W. S. LEWIS. New York: Young Books. 1931. $8.

"N. B." reads a card of admission to Strawberry Hill in 1774, "the House and Garden are never shown in an evening; and Persons are desired not to bring Children with them." One who has tried to make a garden with the active but not too helpful assistance of the children of the neighborhood will appreciate the latter prohibition; and furtherwore, has it not been said "the glory of the garden abideth not in noise"? Gardens are evidences and testimonies to sophistication, where children's small feet and barking dogs are not in place. Gardens in the evening are all too sophisticated—the hanging gardens of Babylon were, I suppose, deserted in the daytime! But probably the reason why Walpole would not show his garden after nightfall is because, as Mr. Lewis points out in his inimitable preface, quoting Pope, "all gardening is painting"—and who can see an outdoor landscape picture after dark? Furthermore, Walpole apparently speaks slightingly of the size of his father's garden—a mere twenty-three acres, which suggests that plenty of daylight was needed to envisage an eighteenth century garden of the Walpole kind.

This small book is the first separate printing of Walpole's essay on gardening—"a brief history . . . from the First Garden to 'Capability' Brown"—which has seen the light, although the essay has been printed as part of his "Anecdotes of Painting in England" beginning with the first edition in 1780. To the essay proper Mr. Lewis has contributed the aforementioned preface, a delightfully written literary bijou worthy of a good Walpolean, and a bibliographical note. The latter records the discovery of a spurious Strawberry Hill Press item, which Mr. Lewis attributes with some plausibility to John Bell.

There are four reproductions of delicate wood engravings of eighteenth century gardens—two at Strawberry Hill and two in Wiltshire—and several other decorations of the period.

The book has been printed by (appropriately enough) the Walpole Printing-Office at New Rochelle; the typography is by Mr. Thompson. The type face is Fournier —a sort of left-handed compliment to the spurious reprint attributed to Bell, which also is printed in the same type face! There is a good title-page, and a sort of landscape-garden paper used for the binding. The only flaw in this small book is the stiffness of the paper, as if the grain ran the wrong way. As in all of the work of the Walpole Printing-Office, however, there is a fine feeling for type and for the book which only taste and imagination can achieve. And good workmanship has made the printers do their book on dampened hand-made paper—a refinement essential to good work, but troublesome enough to make it rare.

Thais

THAIS. By NEWMAN LEVY. Pictures by ABNER J. EPSTEIN. Brattleboro: Vermont Printing Co. 1931.

THIS is not the "blooming Eastern bride" of Dryden's fancy, but, in Mr. Levy's facile verse, "the pride of Alexandria," who turns nun because of the poor quality of the Alexandrian hooch. The poem first appeared in *The Conning Tower*, and later in the author's *Opera Guyed*. Mr. Crane has given it a gorgeous binding and a typographic treatment of fine italic, well printed on soft Japan paper. The printing is good—the pictures are of the same facetious quality as the verse. Two hundred and fifty copies have been printed for private distribution.

R.

Walpole's Witty Verse

HORACE WALPOLE'S FUGITIVE VERSES. Edited by W. S. LEWIS. New York: Oxford University Press. 1931. $8.50.

Mr. Lewis has brought together in this very handsome book all the miscellaneous verses of the eighteenth century's most elegant wit, not only those which appeared in the original collections, but also those which he was able to glean from letters, notebooks, and various unpublished sources. Certainly everything of importance or interest is here, except the verse play, "The Mysterious Mother," which is fittingly omitted as not being, at least in intention, fleeting. Here one can browse inexhaustibly and *ad lib.* among the happiest flights of *vers d'occasion*, and if Pegasus is absent (why should he be missed at Strawberry Hill?), there is present a most neatly caparisoned and urbane rocking horse. Moreover, with true editorial acumen, Mr. Lewis has appended to each poem enough explanatory and illustrative material to put the reader in the right mood and the right age.

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This is the third successive *Inner Sanctum* column devoted to FRANZ WERFEL'S new novel, and the end is not in sight, for *The Pure In Heart* is marked for the years.

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THE editor of *The Saturday Review* recently received a letter from a friend who remarked, "In the 'English Dictionary of Phrase and Fable' I find this item: '*Poe* (*Edgar Allan*) The *alias* of Arthur Gordon Pym, the American poet (1811-1849).' The portrait of the author of this dictionary shows a man with face entirely surrounded by white whiskers. My daughter says he looks like all the early American poets *except* Poe. Do you suppose he was senile when he compiled the dictionary?" . . .

With reference to what *E. Vn F.* recently said in this column anent characters in vain to wear glasses, *Lucy E. Osborne* of the Chapin Library at Williams College suggest also *Mrs. Latimer* in *J. D. Beresford's* "A Candidate for Truthe." . . .

We thank *Miss Marian King* for sending us a copy of the *Constitution Press*, concerning the D. A. R. Though this sheet appears to be a spoof, we note by it that *Alfonso XIII* seems to wish to come over and address the Congress in 1932, though he advises that his fare should be cabled. At that, it might be a good idea! . . .

Marian King, it seems, worked with *Mrs. George Wightman* recently, while in Boston participating in the National Indoor Tournament, with reference to a tennis book Mrs. Wightman is going to write, which will appear this fall. The royalties from the book will be used to promote municipal tennis. . . .

With reference to Miss King's own book, "The Recovery of Myself," a copy of which she kindly sent us, *Katherine Woodcock* of Baltimore, Md., writes to say that it is one of the finest works of the kind she has read. Further, she wants to know where the hospital is, and also what university is mentioned as a school in the book. We do not know. She should communicate with Miss King through her publishers. . . .

Since *Vicki Baum* has been in America she has had a song specially written for her with words by *Sinclair Lewis* and music by *Vincent Youmans*. It all happened when Miss Baum and Mr. Lewis spent the week-end with their publisher, Nelson Doubleday, at Oyster Bay. Lewis wrote the poem to Frau Baum in German and Youmans promptly composed the music. . . .

We wish to congratulate the Vassar Co-operative Bookshop of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., upon the attractive broadsheets of book-news they send out, known as the *John Gilpin Flyers*. These flyers are issued once a month, we believe, and very attractively decorated in color in a style that reminds us slightly of that of the late C. Lovat Fraser. . . .

A charming little book printed by *Edward L. Stone*, the selections having been gathered by him, and the binding done at the *William Edwin Rudge* plant in Mount Vernon, is "A Book-Lovers' Bouquet," the edition being limited to 525 copies at three dollars apiece. It consists of a number of choice quotations concerning books, and the cover-decoration looks to us very much as though it were from the masterly pen of *W. A. Dwiggins*. . . .

A recent missive to an eminent American poet, who sent it to us with cheers and laughter, began by addressing him as "Dear Fellow-Writer," hoped his finances would permit him "to bring out a whole book of your fine work," which, it seemed, he owed it to himself to do, and went on to say in part: "Practically all publishers maintain a staff of writers who grind out that which they publish, exploit, cram down the throats of the public." "We are an old established concern with A-1 references. Let us revise, edit, proof, copyright, advertise, *review* and offer your book for sale." "May I receive your verse and payment by return mail." All this was signed by one *Mary Viola Harrison*, Vice-President of the "International Writers' League," of Cleveland, Ohio. Wonders will never cease! . . .

No one is gladder than we are to see *John Peale Bishop* finally coming into his own as a writer. He won the five thousand dollar Scribner prize with his story, "Many Thousands Gone," the title story of a book of Bishop's short stories which Scribner's has now published. Bishop was the original of the Tom D'Invilliers in *Scott Fitzgerald's* famous first novel, "This Side of Paradise." He was also managing editor of the *Nassau Lit.* at Princeton when *Edmund Wilson*, now noted for "Axel's Castle," was editor of that periodical. Bishop later collabrorated with Wilson in "The Undertaker's Garland" (Knopf), to which both young men contributed prose and poetry. We prophesy that "The U. G." is going to be a fine rarity one of these days, containing as it does the 'prentice work of two American writers now so distinguished. Bishop lives outside Paris in a country-house which dates from the time of Louis XIII. . . .

Brewer, Warren & Putnam will this spring publish a new book by *David Garnett* entitled "The Grasshoppers Come." . . .

Re the *Phœnix Nest* for March 28th, *S. G. M.* sends us the following "pome":

A fig for Colin Clements! Little he knows of cats.
My Gib is more than a mouser, more than a trap for rats.
The vet has done what a vet can do,
He sent in his bill, and his job is through,
But Gib still walks the fences, and yowls on a moonlight night.
Colin's cat may hug the hearthrug, but mine still hunts a fight!

Nina Jay Dusenberry sends us the following anecdote and heads it "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi":

I had been reviewing several months when an old college chum called me up after a long silence. With unwarranted dignity I said, "OKE, you may be interested to hear . . ." "Yes," she interrupted, "I know; I was lining my garbage can last week with a Herald Tribune Books *when I discovered you as a reviewer!"*

We cannot really allow this slur upon a most esteemed contemporary. OKE does it no justice in this respect. . . .

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The AMEN CORNER

JOHN KEATS
After a drawing by Joseph Severn

The Oxonian, who loves beautiful books, is more than usually enthusiastic about *The Letters of John Keats*, edited by Maurice Buxton Forman. "Shelley and Keats," said Miss Marion Dodd of the Hampshire Bookshop the other day in her interesting article in the *Publishers' Weekly*, "are still best sellers in any college bookshop worthy of the name." She thinks Mr. Edmund Wilson will be surprised to know this; but the Oxonian is not. The Poems of Keats and Shelley are the two volumes most in demand—and always in demand—in the *Oxford Standard Authors*.[1]

"I think," wrote Keats, "I shall be among the English Poets when I die." To which Matthew Arnold replied: "He is; he is with Shakespeare." This striking remark is the basis of Mr. Middleton Murry's *Keats and Shakespeare*,[2] one of the most remarkable critical works of recent years—a masterpiece of literature in itself—and his recent supplementary *Studies in Keats*.[3] Chapter and verse are supplied by Miss Caroline Spurgeon's *Keats's Shakespeare*,[4] a detailed analysis, with facsimile reproductions, of Keats's Shakespeare, underlined and annotated in his own hand. Reading Father Lahey's *Life of Gerard Manley Hopkins*[5] the other day, we were greatly interested by two long letters from Hopkins, who had just been reading Arnold's essay, to Coventry Patmore, expounding with the clear-sightedness of genius the profound likeness of Keats and Shakespeare.

In his interpretation of Keats, Mr. Murry has drawn very largely on Keats's letters, "among the most precious in all literature," says the *Book Review*. The new edition is by the son of the original editor and is "about as complete a collection as one could hope to find . . . a veritable treasury of Keats," says Babette Deutsch. It contains the love letters to Fanny Brawne, deplored by Matthew Arnold and omitted by Sir Sidney Colvin from his editions from notions of "propriety."

We will not attempt to describe the physical beauty of the two volumes, but this is what the *Book Review* says: "The two volumes are as attractive in makeup as books can possibly be and so beautifully bound in maroon buckram that they give the fingers almost the same pleasure as is derived from fine leather. First among the current library editions for collectors must come this beautiful set." The ever fascinating *Oxford Miscellany Series*[6] contains a reprint, page for page and line for line, of the British Museum's copy of the 1820 volume:

LAMIA,
ISABELLA,
THE EVE OF ST. AGNES
AND
OTHER POEMS

BY JOHN KEATS
AUTHOR OF ENDYMION

This, the greatest volume of verse probably ever published by so young a poet, is prefaced by the touching "Advertisement": "The poem was intended to have been of equal length with *Endymion*, but the reception given to that work discouraged the author from proceeding."

Keats is a poet never to be separated from. In the *World's Classics*[7] you will find *The Poetical Works of John Keats* well printed, with the authoritative text of an Oxford book, charmingly bound, and of a size—and price—to fit any pocket.

THE OXONIAN.

Our Book of the Month: THE LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS. Edited by Maurice Buxton Forman. 2 Vols., $14.

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